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The Nation

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The Week

FROM all indications the German drive is on again and in a new sector. For some time past it has been suspected that the Germans would not be content without striking a blow further south, for it cannot be believed that they will give up without having made one more attempt to reach Paris. It was, however, suspected that the blow might come on the Marne; the German General Staff has not, however, as yet been tempted there, as well it might for sentimental reasons. The Crown Prince has now struck in a favorable terrain, and as in the previous attacks the German assault has begun with a rush and a marked initial success, sweeping across the Aisne as if it were no obstacle to progress. At this writing it is quite too early to judge of the gravity of the offensive and whether there are sufficient forces in hand to hold the enemy. Have essential reserves been drawn off to the Amiens and Flanders battlefields? The next few days will show. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the German offensive has now exactly paralleled the Allied offensive as it was planned in 1916. They, too, expected to strike at three points, and the costly offensive in the Champagne was the first move, only to prove so costly as to lead to the abandonment of the other two. The theory was to drive in three deep wedges and then roll up the enemy troops in between. As yet there is no reason to fear that this fresh German drive will not exhaust itself in the course of a couple of weeks as have the others, after purchasing more terrain at a frightful cost, without any appreciable difference in the relative positions of the two sides. From Paris the offensive is at this writing still sixty-five miles distant—too great a number to be covered by the Germans in this year of our Lord 1918.

WE get a little light on the dropping of the Senate resolution for war with Turkey from Dr. James L. Barton's letter published in the Boston *Transcript* some time ago. In it are set forth convincingly the reasons which have been controlling with Mr. Wilson, and which finally controlled in Congress. Dr. Barton wrote:

> . . . when United States Ambassadors, Consuls, and American citizens who have lived in that country (Turkey) for years, as well as a large number of leading Armenians . . . agree that the declaration of war against Turkey now would vastly increase the horrors of the situation in Turkey, while contributing nothing to stop the present atrocities . . . the Board (of Missions) cannot lightly be charged with narrow partisanship. . . .

Armenian nationalist zealots may shout for a declaration of war; but our President, who has pledged himself to Armenian national liberation, and Congress will not take this step calculated to force complete extermination of the race, and thus make an Armenian nation after the war impossible.

PRESIDENT WILSON made his anniversary greeting to Italy peculiarly one of the American people to the Italian people. Whether there was special intent in this we cannot say. It certainly answers to the thoughts of many Americans to make a tacit distinction between the present attitude of the people in Italy and the motives of their Government three years ago. On this latter point, it is only fair to say that there has been a frank and large modification of the original Italian war aims. And as for American sympathy with the sacrifices which the Italian people have made, and hearty appreciation of the fine and engaging qualities in their character, there can be no question. Mr. Howells, who fell in love with Italy and Italians early in his life, is true to them in his old age, and declares that he knows no Americans who do not admire Italy and are not "proud to share Italy's citizenship in this ideal republic that unites all children of liberty." In the manifestations of that spirit, the people in this country are glad to join, from the President down.

IT is characteristic of our metropolitan journalism, both here and in England, that it should have acclaimed the British Government's statement purporting to give the criminal connection between the Sinn Feiners and the Germans as entirely convincing. On the contrary, a careful reading shows that nine-tenths of it relates to events preceding the rebellion of 1916. When it comes to reasons for the recent arrest of the Countess Markievicz, Dr. Dillon, Professor de Valera, and other Irish members of Parliament, there is nothing definite to prove that there was a renewed German plot. The British Government may have this information—it is widely rumored that the evidence is also in the United States—but it has yet to be produced. We learn again that in April last the plan for landing arms in Ireland was ripe for execution, and that a man landed from a submarine—but not a scintilla of new evidence is produced. This we consider very unfortunate, for it gives the impression that by bringing out some new facts as to old events, such as the connection of von Bernstorff with the uprising of 1916, there is an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the public. It is possible, of course, that both our own Government and the British are withholding the latest evidence pending further arrests. In that case, they should not hesitate to say so; this country, at least, is entitled to know the real facts behind the arrests, just as these latest prisoners—all of whom were concerned in the uprising of 1916 and were subsequently pardoned—should have an open trial. It must be shown, too, that they have been consulting with the Germans since their release from prison in 1917, and if it is, they will be condemned from one end of the world to the other.

THE Associated Press has handsomely and promptly admitted its grievous fault in misreporting Senator La Follette. Whereas he said in his St. Paul speech that "we had grievances" against Germany, and was so reported the next day in the St. Paul newspapers, some one slipped the fatal word "no" into the sentence in the Associated Press report and made it read "We had *no* grievances." Whether this was done maliciously or accidentally will probably never

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be known, but the fact remains that irreparable injury was done to the Senator, and that a large part of the outcry against him was due to this misstatement in the one thousand newspapers which are served by the Associated Press. Senator La Follette declared at the time that the press had misquoted him, but the matter was never brought to the attention of the Associated Press until Mr. Gilbert E. Roe, his attorney, stated the fact before the Senate Committee of Inquiry on Tuesday. No amount of apology can undo the serious wrong done by this error. The thought that unintentionally so extreme an injustice may be done to a public man is one to sober all responsible journalists.

MR. McADOO'S sweeping order for a horizontal increase of 25 per cent. of all freight rates and increases in passenger fares is for the moment stunning, but it was to be expected. The enormous raising of wages last week by $300,000,000—to which Mr. McAdoo has just added between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000 more—perhaps made inevitable the raising of freight and passenger charges; but in view of the economies of unified operation and the danger of demoralizing the service, it is more than doubtful whether any such increase as has been made is wise at this time. Had rates not been increased, the deficit which the railroads are facing would be a large one. Of course, in either event, the public pays, now in enlarged freight bills and higher cost of tickets; otherwise the whole deficit would have been met by taxation. The wage increases are deserved, for the special commission went into the matter carefully, made an admirable report, and especially came to the rescue of those employees who are not favored members of the brotherhoods. Mr. McAdoo has been extremely wise and far-sighted in insisting that women should receive the same pay as men, and that there should be no difference in pay because of color. It is a great step forward for the negro employees in the South that they are now placed on a basis of wage equality, for it will help them socially as well as economically. When all is said and done, however, the status of American business at this hour is a very critical one. With freight rates up 40 per cent. within a year, and other transportation costs increased, with threats of an excess-profits tax of 80 per cent., and increased taxation of every kind, with the further harassment of lack of labor and uncertainty as to what output will be permitted by the Government, the lot of the business man is more trying than ever before in our history.

AT last we know why American railway presidents had to have large salaries. The *Times* has found "a leading banker" who is a director of several roads, and who lets out the whole secret. The president of a railway, according to this authority, must devote his entire time to his job, and to that end must have salary enough "to relieve him absolutely of all worry about his financial situation and his future." To this end, he must have "the best doctor and the best dentist in the United States"—one to two thousand dollars for appendicitis, fifty dollars for a small gold filling —"a limousine to carry him to and from his office in stormy weather"—taxicabs are so leaky and draughty—and freedom from "domestic worries and cares of any description." Happy man! Financially, it figures out about this way: The average salary of the president of a big road, according to the *Times* writer, is believed to be about $50,000 a year. Mr. McAdoo, it is said, contemplates cutting the rate to $15,000, or perhaps $20,000. There is a dearth of information about the family budgets of the rich, but we are disposed to think that, especially now that everybody ought to be as economical as he can, a railway president could get on fairly well with $20,000 a year, and still have a closed car and a good doctor and dentist. The average expectation of life of a president, under the old régime, was about fifteen years; so that, since living used to be cheaper than it is now, a president could, if he chose, "save up" the tidy sum of $450,000. The heartless Director-General proposes to destroy at a stroke all this provision for the future. Cannot Mr. Carnegie be induced to establish another pension fund for retired railway presidents?

THE retirement of Prof. Ephraim Emerton, after thirty-six years of service as a teacher in Harvard University, brings officially to a close a career rich in significance for American scholarship and education. Professor Emerton's field was mediæval and church history. The nature of his subject denied him the inspiration, at the same time that it saved him from the routine labor, of large classes; and the greater part of his work, especially in later years, has been done with graduates and members of the Divinity School. Within his chosen field, however, he not only enjoys high rank as a scholar, but has had few equals in the zeal and painstaking devotion with which he gave himself to teaching. Unfortunately for the larger public, his published books are few; but his "Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages" and "Mediæval Europe," the former addressed to young students and the latter to the same persons after they had rather rapidly grown up, have not been surpassed as lucid treatments of a difficult period; while his "Desiderius Erasmus" revealed literary gifts as well as learning. To the *Nation* he has been a welcome contributor of reviews, and the publications of the American Historical Association and other learned bodies contain valuable contributions from his pen. By the students who knew him in the classroom, as well as by the colleagues with whom his life has been passed, he will always be remembered, and, we hope, will long be greeted, as a genial personality, tireless in research, too modest to seek applause, but happy and contented in the pursuit and conquest of truth.

BY the death of Monsignor O'Keeffe at Highland Falls the Catholic Church has lost a priest of extraordinary learning and influence. Concerned in the Father McGlynn "uprising" in this city many years ago, he was banished to Highland Falls as one of the smallest and least desirable parishes in the State. The authority which thus punished was apparently unaware that Highland Falls adjoins the West Point Military Academy. Monsignor O'Keeffe profited greatly by this fact, and so did West Point, at which he built the Catholic chapel. But his friendships were not confined to his co-religionists; Protestants as well came to know and value him, to seek his counsel—as did successive Superintendents of the Academy—and to profit by his learning. Several times Monsignor O'Keeffe appeared on behalf of the Academy before the Appropriations Committees in Washington, and his words invariably carried great weight. Thousands of graduates of West Point will read of his death with profound sorrow.

NEBRASKA is the latest university to be exposed as a hotbed of sedition. The State Council of Defence has

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submitted to the Board of Regents a list of twelve instructors who "have, for one reason and another, assumed an attitude calculated to encourage among those who come under their influence, within and without the university, a spirit of inactivity, indifference, and opposition towards this war and an undesirable view with respect to the several fundamental questions inseparable from the war." We have not seen the names of the men so charged, but the tenor of the Defence Council's letter, as given in the *Evening State Journal* of May 20, does not incline us to condemn them unheard. We learn, for example, in connection with the charges, that the I. W. W. is "an organization that is practically at war with America." Our universities are no places for seditionists, but we are come to a pretty pass if a man may not fearlessly investigate questions of domestic economics and politics without having the epithet of traitor hurled at him. We had not supposed that it was disloyal to try to understand the I. W. W., but we seem to have been mistaken.

"BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time in thy flight," seems to be the prayer of the Cornell classmates of David Starr Jordan, who are moving to have their Alma Mater revoke the degrees of A.B. and LL.D. duly conferred upon him. To "He ain't the man he used to be," they wish to add the traditional rejoinder: "No, and he never was, neither." The principle has capacities of indefinite application. To our recall of officers, we should at once add the recall of past officers. Many would rejoice to have Mr. Roosevelt no longer "ex-President of the United States," "ex-Governor of New York," and "ex-Colonel of the Rough Riders." And how few of us there are who would not willingly shed our academic honors if we could only get back the time and toil of winning them. Some, indeed, would discard their ancestors. And why should it not all be arranged by act of Congress? If we can turn back time for an hour, why not for a generation as need may appear? It is to be hoped that when the war is over and we can devote more attention to such matters, some organized effort will be made to promote this much-needed reformation of the past. It is one of the weaknesses of most reformers that they confine themselves so exclusively to the future, which is still a mere possibility. The past we have always with us, and much of it is greatly in need of reform.

ONE of the interesting and valuable by-products of the war is the springing up of a whole crop of magazines devoted to the elucidation of international relations. They range all the way from the cheapest kind of Government and commercial propaganda pamphlets up to periodicals of the highest dignity and power. Easily in first place stands *The New Europe*, whose weekly files are indispensable to the serious student. The present week brings two welcome additions to the list of important journals. Constable & Company announce a new monthly, the *Anglo-Italian Review*, to be edited by Mr. Edward Hutton and to deal with matters of Anglo-Italian interest in literature, art, science, politics, and economics. It comes with special appropriateness just at this anniversary of Italy's entrance into the war. In our own country, the first number of the *Hispanic American Historical Review*, significant of the enlarged interest among scholars here in our neighbors to the south, has just appeared. A more extensive notice will appear in next week's *Nation*.

How Not to Help Russia

A MILITARY expedition to Russia has become the topic of heated discussion in the last few weeks. The advocates of this measure see in it a way of restoring Russia to "normal" conditions and of making her a fighting force. A military expedition consisting of English, Japanese, and American soldiers, it is argued, would rally around itself the sound and sane elements of the Russian people; the Bolshevist usurpers would easily be overthrown, and the prostrate country would awaken to new vigorous life.

That such a scheme should find even a moment's consideration only shows the extent of popular ignorance in matters concerning the Russian revolution, and the popular belief in quick remedies against fundamental social evils. The advocates of an expedition imagine the Bolsheviki to be an insignificant group of hot-headed agitators who tricked the country into disaster. Remove these pernicious individuals, they argue, and the social organism of Russia would quickly recover. The question, however, presents itself as to why the "better" elements of Russia have so little succeeded in counteracting the influence of Bolshevism, why the Bolsheviki have succeeded in holding their power far longer than any of the provisional governments after the downfall of Nicholas Romanov, and why the Bolsheviki have so easily defeated the conservative Russian generals, among whom were such popular leaders as Kaledine and Kornilov.

The obvious reason is that behind the Bolsheviki are the Councils of Workingmen, Peasants, and Soldiers, known as the Soviets, and behind the Soviets are the masses of the Russian people. The Bolshevist Government has proved to be the most stable since the collapse of the monarchy because the Bolshevist programme fitted best the ideas and inclinations of the Russian masses. These ideas may be erroneous, and many a wild Bolshevist dream has turned out to be an actual calamity for Russia. This, however, does not alter the fact that the Soviets are vitally connected with the bulk of the plain Russians. The Russian peasant, the Russian factory worker, and the other elements of laboring Russia do not believe in Milukov and do not believe in Kerensky, but they do believe in their own Soviets.

If a military expedition were now to come and start a movement to overthrow the Soviets, it would amount to declaring war against the Russian masses. However liberal the promises of the Powers behind the expedition may be, the masses will not believe them. The masses will see in the expedition an attempt to destroy their freedom. Civil war under such conditions becomes imminent. Siding with the Allied military forces we should find many of the former landlords, Cossacks, factory owners, and other conservative elements, who form a minority of the nation. Russian radicals and Socialists of an anti-Bolshevik character would hardly lend their assistance to a military expedition destined to punish Russia for the excesses of her revolution, while the Soviets would certainly call the masses to resist Allied invasion. The outcome would be deplorable in every way. Russia would be plunged into a deeper chaos of misery and destitution. The work of reconstruction now planned by the Soviet administration would become impossible. German penetration of Russia would not be stopped, and the Entente Allies would have to be charged with preventing Russian democracy from working out its own forms of life.

The advocates of military intervention in Russia over-

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look the fact that it is not the Soviets that have destroyed Russian transportation and the normal course of Russian industrial production; not the Soviets that have caused the wearing down of machines, tools, and implements which cannot be reproduced in Russia; not the Soviets that have ruined the financial system, the currency, and the exchange. All this was inherited by the present Government from the old régime and is, primarily, a result of the war and the backward economic condition of the country. A military dictator would not be able to provide Russian railroads with locomotives and rolling stock, Russian peasants with scythes and threshing machines, Russian industries with the equipment and instruments which they used to import from England, America, and other countries. A Government headed by Milukov or Guchkov or Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch would be no less helpless than the Government of Lenine and Trotzky; it might be even worse off, being confronted with embittered millions who would meet its decisions with contempt, scorn, and resistance.

Military intervention in Russia is the worst of all possible ways to relieve the Russian situation. Back of the plan lies the conviction that the Russian masses are hordes of savages who can be driven at will by a masterful hand. The history of the present revolution proves the fallacy of this conviction. The Russian masses lack education, culture, and habits of organization; yet they have manifested a remarkable love of freedom and a conscious tendency towards realization of industrial democracy. We must give up the idea of solving Russian problems *for* the Russian people *against* the wish of the Russian masses.

The New Form of Draft

GENERAL CROWDER'S drastic order of last week, which amounts to a form of industrial conscription, has naturally created widespread surprise and something of a shock. We have become so deeply engaged in the war as to make it possible for the stroke of a single military pen to change the occupations of hundreds of thousands if not millions of Americans without the slightest asking of their consent. This state of affairs is so far from the old Americanism as to startle those who have refused to realize that the nation is up to the hilt in the gravest of wars. The order is obviously an earnest of the Administration's purpose to subordinate everything to the winning of the war, and it is strikingly reinforced by the House grant of authority asked by the Secretary of War to raise an unlimited army just as fast as the men can be trained and equipped. This in turn followed close upon President Wilson's question: "Why limit the army?" at the Red Cross meeting in New York on May 18. The enormous estimates carried in the Army Appropriation bill—twelve billions of dollars for this branch of the Government alone—are further proof that no stone will be left unturned to prosecute the war to the uttermost.

As for General Crowder's order, many questions are being asked. Is it warranted by existing conditions? Is it a part of the effort to overawe Germany by letting her understand beyond cavil that this whole nation is being put into the war? Is it likely to accomplish the desired end of reinforcing the war industries which are especially in need of additional labor forces? Or will it do more harm than good? Plainly, the purpose was to strike at idlers and at employees in occupations which are unnecessary or smack of luxury, and to accentuate the present drift of women into certain occupations which they have either shared with men or have only just entered. Aside from the hangers-on of race-tracks, bucket-shops, clairvoyants, palmists, etc., the order is specifically aimed at waiters, bartenders, elevator operators, servants, ushers, and clerks in mercantile establishments who are within the draft age. Any draft board may have the right to take action in a given case and may deal with a registrant hailing from the jurisdiction of any other draft board. This places an enormous responsibility upon these hard-worked and entirely unselfish organizations, which have rendered such yeoman service without a cent of cost to the Government for the labors of their members; for it gives them powers of arrest, of supervision, and of transfer from one occupation to another. To any one subject to the draft working in these lines and perhaps in occupations on the border line they may say: "You must leave your employment and get another job somewhere else." And it is announced that the definition of a non-useful occupation will be extended as necessity dictates.

Obviously everything depends upon the spirit in which the several thousand draft boards enforce the order. One difficulty of the draft system has been heretofore the lack of uniformity in the rulings and decisions of the various boards and their varying degrees of efficiency. Some have even shown a scandalous lack of appreciation of their duty to the Government and to the conscripts. General Crowder realizes some of the dangers because he has provided that where compelling domestic circumstances would involve disproportionate hardship the boards may grant exemption, and also in cases where a removal of the registrant and his family would cause trouble. But even this does not relieve the difficulty in which members of the boards will find themselves in judging whether the domestic circumstances of a clairvoyant or a butler are more compelling than those of some other clairvoyant or butler. In other words, a tremendous burden has been created for men who have been working both day and night in many cases since the war began, and are threatened now, in view of the decision for an unlimited army, with still heavier duties in the matter of calling registrants and sending them to the camps. If they do their work badly, much ill-feeling will be created.

As to whether this drastic order is warranted by existing conditions, there are, of course, two opinions. The Government plainly has no doubt, and its sources of information are unrivalled. There are certain industries suffering gravely from the lack of men, but these are mostly businesses in which manual labor is required. It is questionable whether clerks in mercantile enterprises or hangers-on of semi-reputable occupations or waiters in hotels are of the physique to become seamen, good ship workers, iron miners, or workers in blast furnaces and other great industrial enterprises. It is in these and cognate lines that there is the great dearth of labor to-day. On elevators, in restaurants and hotels, and even in clubs, women will, of course, readily supplant the ousted attendants, and no one will, we think, be moved to much sympathy with those whose valets and butlers will be compelled to find new occupations. Dry-goods stores will, we presume, be able to get on by relying upon women. It is therefore rather in the principle of the whole matter and the prospect of the extension of this drafting to other lines of employment that the interest chiefly lies, as well as in the method of enforcement. Mr. Wilson

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has now laid down the rule that he will decide, through his subordinates, the civil careers of all men whose age makes them liable to service. Naturally there will be great uncertainty in occupations on the border line of the present order until further details are forthcoming. Labor unions are already uneasy lest this foreshadow that general conscription of labor opposed by English labor from the start.

One thing we believe to be clear: if there is question as to just how much good the order will accomplish on this side of the water, there can be none that it will have an excellent effect in Germany. Every day that passes must bring home to her unprincipled leaders the terrible blunder they made from their own point of view in dragging the United States into the war. The rushing of our troops to France, the speeding up of our aeroplane and shipbuilding programmes, the building and putting into service of a ship within thirty-seven days, the "unlimited" American army, and now this drafting of civilians into useful occupations ought to bring home to the German militarists the truth of what Lloyd George said at Edinburgh, that it has now become a race between von Hindenburg and Wilson. Upon the German public it can have only a most helpful effect.

The Red Cross Triumph

THE enormous oversubscription of the $100,000,000 Red Cross fund is renewed evidence of the eagerness and ability of the American people to do their full share in carrying on the great struggle in which we are engaged. It fortifies our faith in the future of our country and the world. Before the war we criticised ourselves as a heterogeneous, undisciplined, ultra-individualistic, unorganized, selfish people. The criticisms did not lack foundation, and yet the war has brought its answer to each of them. We have tapped new resources, have laid bare unsuspected possibilities, of unity, discipline, organization, unselfish generosity, that required only the occasion to make them flame into blazing activity. Where in the world's history has there been an instance of democratic unity to surpass the manner in which the American people followed their chosen leader into this conflict, giving him whatever powers he held necessary to carry on a war from which every American shrank? Burdensome taxes, the withdrawal of accustomed liberties and privileges, the disarrangement and often the destruction of private business, the interference of Government even with the daily occupation of the common man, and, greatest of all, the taking of our sons from every hamlet in the nation to place them on the battle line in France—to all these things Americans have submitted with astonishing willingness at the call of their leader, because he appealed to the idealism that was in them.

This Red Cross achievement is but the latest manifestation of the same thing. Twice within a year the Government has appealed to the people for funds in unprecedented amounts. The first summons was widely answered, but the loan campaign just closed has witnessed an outpouring of money that came from every rank and grade of society. No sooner was this done than a new call came: "You have loaned to your Government; now give to humanity"—and within a week the American people have given outright almost $150,000,000 for binding up the wounds of war. And any one who has had his eyes open during the past week knows that it is the gift of absolutely the whole people. If the great foundations have given their millions, the chauffeur and the laborer and the child have given their dollars and quarters and dimes, in a lavishing of liberality and good will such as this country has never witnessed before. If America, rich and selfish hitherto, has thus far withheld her hand from a suffering world, now at last she is learning to give freely and generously. The lesson will not be lost. The next appeal of the Red Cross will be met with even more readiness to sacrifice, and we are entitled to believe that the new habit of giving will remain as a permanent possession. If our social tasks are enormously enlarged by the war, at least our human resources of coöperation and generosity for meeting those tasks will also be vastly greater than before we passed through the furnace.

We must therefore view this new thing in our life, not with complacency in what we have already done, but with gratitude for what we find we really are, and with sober thought as to the purposes to which we shall turn this newly discovered power. First, we may face the further demands of the war, however heavy they may be, with a quiet confidence that the people will not fail, so be it only the vision fail not, and they are not asked to sacrifice for any common or unclean thing. If the stream of woe must still flow on in order that we may come to a righteous peace, we may be assured that the American people will play their part no less worthily than those of Europe, that the enormous resources of this continent of ours will be placed at the disposal of suffering humanity no less freely than the more limited riches of the older world.

But when the war is done, may we not hope that the same readiness to give will still serve us in the tasks of peace? After this experience we can no longer be content with thousands and millions. Why not a hundred-million "drive" to blot out tuberculosis, that enemy of the race who counts his victims by the hundred thousand year in, year out? Why not a like outpouring to save the lives of babies needlessly sacrificed year by year on the altar of poverty and ignorance? Why not to "Americanize" the exploited immigrant, who needs most of all good living conditions, good wages, and a chance to learn in order to make him a good American? Why not to uplift and teach the black man, who has written down to our account three hundred years of injustice and oppression, and who now wants nothing else so much as the opportunity of learning to help himself, an opportunity denied chiefly because the funds required to provide it are lacking? Is not the past week an earnest of splendid new possibilities for all those of our own number whom we have hitherto neglected?

Nor is the dream one of private munificence alone. We are learning the possibilities of public action. The cry of paternalism is going to be less terrifying in the future to a people learning to make their Government serve them in common tasks, and those of us who believe in the supreme importance of individual initiative, individual freedom, and individual effort for a sound and progressive social life may increasingly see the wealth and power of city, state, and nation used to provide the conditions of individual development for all the people. The narrow spirit of individual or class selfishness may more and more give way to an enthusiasm for those democratic social conditions which alone make possible the highest type of individual life. May not the forces of benevolence and liberality now released be turned, when the heavy tasks of war are done, to make of America, for all her people, a place of noble living?

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Propaganda

PRECISELY what is the purpose of war propaganda? To put the question in another way, why have war propaganda at all? The question must often have occurred to Americans who have read the amazing revelations of German intrigue in this country and elsewhere, or scanned the book and pamphlet literature in which the aims, achievements, and sins of Allies and Central Powers have been laboriously set out. Never, in any war, have such immense sums of money been spent in the effort to stir patriotism or hatred to the boiling point, or marshal the proofs of an adversary's sincerity or baseness, or prove that the aims of the one side or the other are the ones, and the only ones, that ought to prevail. Everybody who could wield a pen, from the writer of assured fame to the humblest fashioner of syndicated "copy," has taken a hand at the literary end; every man or woman who could make a speech, and more who could not, have vociferated the claims of their respective loyalties; cartoons, advertisements, moving pictures, and spectacles have appealed to eye and ear; the pulpit has sounded pleadings and anathemas; and the paid agents of Government, now noiselessly, now with flourish of trumpets, have gone everywhere.

The literature of propaganda has flowed on in ever-increasing volume. Beginning with the organization of which Sir Gilbert Parker was long the head, and which now, in reconstituted form, is directed by Professor W. Macneile Dixon, Englishmen and the British Government have literally flooded the United States with books and pamphlets in which German atrocities, the vagaries of German professors, and the lies of the German Government have been brutally and brilliantly displayed. France, which long refused to advertise itself at all, continues to be more modest; but the Paris Chamber of Commerce distributes widely in this country a bi-weekly bulletin specially prepared for foreign consumption, while the list of French war books of a controversial nature is a long one. A Russian Information Bureau in New York speaks for the Kerensky régime, and the Bolsheviki have their recognized mouthpieces in the same city. White, yellow, blue, red, and other-colored books have set forth the documentary claims of pretty much every country now at war. The full range of Germany's literary propaganda will not be known until the tons of German newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and books seized by the British Government, and now stored in the Censor's Office in London, shall have been released; but enough of it is known to justify the conjecture that it has not lagged far behind the English output in volume, if not in quality.

What demonstrable results has all this prodigious effort attained? Primarily, we take it, the object of propaganda is to spread information, refute error, confound opponents, and make converts. The first of these objects has been, to some extent, realized. Such publications, for example, as the Bryce report on German atrocities in Belgium bring together a mass of sifted data which no after-the-war inquiry is likely seriously to impair. On the other hand, a discouragingly large percentage of the publications which have professed to give only the simon-pure facts of the case have been so biassed, or garbled, or positively inaccurate as to have no value whatever for one who wants to learn only the truth. The historian who should attempt to write the history of the war from its propaganda literature would run the risk of sketching a conflict the like of which there never was on land or sea.

The main question, however, is not whether writers are prejudiced or inaccurate, but who has been silenced or converted. On that point we confess to great misgivings. For all the tons of printed matter that have weighted the mails these past four years, it may be doubted if many Americans have had their opinions fundamentally changed. Who that believed at the outset that England was responsible for the war, or that France was itching for a fight, or that the Belgians brought their own destruction upon themselves, has been convinced to the contrary by anything that English, French, or Belgian apologists have written? Who that disliked or distrusted England in 1914 loves and trusts it now because of the pamphlets of Sir Gilbert Parker or Professor Dixon? Or who that hated Prussianism when the war broke out feels more kindly towards it because of the extraordinary German propaganda? A few, doubtless; but exceedingly few, we suspect, nevertheless. Some faiths have been strengthened, some prejudices confirmed, we doubt not; but the word which must be written across the face of far the larger part of the propaganda literature of the Allies and the Central Powers alike is failure.

What more fruitful harvest, then, is to be expected from the entrance of the United States into a field which, in other hands, has yielded so dubious a return? The volume of American propaganda is already considerable, and obviously is growing. Large parts of some of President Wilson's recent speeches have been addressed to the peoples and Governments of the Central Powers quite as much as to Congress or the American public. Mr. Creel is busy refuting error and confirming faith at home and abroad. Mrs. Whitehouse's mission to the German people via Switzerland appears to have failed; but an American labor commission has been going about England and France trying to show that the Gompers section of American labor is in accord with its European brethren and sisters in all matters save a discussion of peace. If rumor is to be trusted, a considerable number of "distinguished Americans"—professors, writers, pulpit orators, and the like—their expenses paid jointly by the American and British Governments, are now in England to cement the new "era of good feeling," and to assure Englishmen that Americans are with them in their determination to win the war.

One cannot but think it a little strange that a war which is being fought to safeguard democracy in the world, and to insure liberty and peace against the recurrence of such onslaughts as they have to meet at this moment, should be deemed to need so much explanation and defence. Is it that the allied peoples are not yet sure of the rightfulness of their cause, or that the allied Governments are not fully at ease about one another? Of one thing we may be certain: We shall never bring about democracy in Germany by talking about it. We may be quite sure that the German people understand the principles of American democracy well enough, and are in no need of either literature or oratory to enable them to decide whether they wish such a democracy or not. After all, the mightiest propaganda for a righteous cause is deeds, not words. It is the way in which we safeguard liberty at home that most commends liberty abroad. The Scriptural injunction to build every man over against his own house has clear application in the field of politics, especially when democracy is the thing to be safeguarded and commended.

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Taking the Railroads Out of Wall Street

By R. L. BARNUM

TWO revolutionary steps have just been taken by the Government in handling the railway situation. First, the Director-General approved in one lump sum improvement and betterment expenditures aggregating $937,000,000. Next, all of the railroad presidents in the country were discharged by giving out one blanket order, which went first, not to the railway executives themselves, but to the Washington newspaper correspondents. Railroad presidents receiving $50,000, $75,000, or even $100,000 a year learned of their dismissal at their breakfast table in the headlines of their favorite morning paper. What is the real inside story of these two startling developments?

William G. McAdoo has surrounded himself with some of the ablest railway men in that profession, men whose opinions are eagerly sought both in and out of Wall Street. It will be recalled that when the Government unexpectedly took over the carriers on December 28 last, the country's war plans, as well as general business and individual consumers, were suffering from the worst freight congestion and car and locomotive shortage on record. To handle the situation properly, it was necessary to plan for the future while bringing immediate relief. The result was the creation of a Department of Capital Expenditure. R. M. Lovett, former head of the Union Pacific, was placed in charge.

Mr. McAdoo and his assistants concluded that money had to be spent on the railroads, and then more money—hundreds of millions for roadbed, terminals, and stations; other hundreds of millions for locomotives and freight cars. Exactly two months ago a letter went out from the Department of Capital Expenditures to every railroad president in the country asking for a detailed statement of the improvements and betterments needed to bring each piece of property up to the highest degree of efficiency. To make sure that the desired information would be obtained, several printed forms were sent with each letter.

Annual expenditures of the railroads as a whole began to fall off ten years ago, as soon as Congress passed the law placing in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission power to suspend proposed freight-rate increases pending an investigation as to the reasonableness of the proposed increase. Annual expenditures for locomotives and freight cars dwindled to the smallest in a generation. Naturally, in replying to the Lovett letter, the railroads included in their list of improvements those that were desirable as well as those that were necessary. Of the total, $476,000,000 was for rolling stock, $440,000,000 for additions and betterments to existing terminals, bridges, stations, etc., and $18,000,000 for extensions to mileage.

Contrary to the belief prevailing in some quarters, the Government is not going to advance $937,000,000 to the railroads. Nor is it going to be spent at once. Even if it could be raised by either the railroads or the Government, it could not be spent immediately because of the demands already made upon the steel, iron, copper, coal, lumber, and labor markets. According to the instructions already sent to the railroads, all the contemplated improvements are to be divided into three main classes. Where there is to be an outlay of $5,000 or less, work may be started at once, providing monthly cost reports are sent to Washington. Individual projects calling for not less than $25,000 also may be started immediately, providing all contracts are sent to Washington within ten days after having been signed. Plans calling for $25,000 and more cannot be started until approved by the Railroad Administration. That approval will include ways for raising the funds.

Beyond question a large part of the $937,000,000 will have been converted into improvements and betterments before the end of 1918. All or most of it will be spent within twelve months. At that time, with the economies to be developed by operating all of the mileage as one system, the railroad machinery of the country, unless something unexpected happens, will be working far better than ever before in the history of the industry. So much for the Government's programme for spending nearly a billion dollars to place the railroads in the best possible condition physically.

The discharge of all the railroad presidents in one sweeping blanket order is part of the same story. In playing circus in the back yard children have an effective way of getting rid of undesirables. When some trouble-making "bossy kid" comes along and wants to monopolize the acting bar, or the trapeze, or the Indian suit, after considerable whispering, somebody in a loud voice announces, "Oh, we ain't going to have any circus." Then the crowd disbands to meet in the back yard of one of the tried and true. That is about what has happened to the railroad presidents. Wanting to get rid of a comparatively few malcontents, Mr. McAdoo discharged every railroad president in the country. Many of them will be taken back as Federal managers. The malcontents will be allowed to shift for themselves.

With the railroads it was what the malcontents were not doing that made Director-General McAdoo discharge all the presidents, only to reëmploy the ones really wanted. Many of the malcontents had simply allowed the orders from Washington to pile up on their desks unanswered. It cannot be claimed that in discharging the railroad presidents the Government acted hastily. Fully a year ago, or eight months before the Government took over the railroads, more than a hundred railway presidents were called to Washington on instructions from President Wilson to have a heart-to-heart talk with Secretary Lane, who as a former member of the Interstate Commerce Commission knows the railroad situation intimately. Mr. Lane told the railway executives that war conditions made it necessary to bring about radical changes in the railroad machinery; that the situation offered them an opportunity to show their imagination, their real statesmanship; that they could expect President Wilson to stand behind them to the limit in any constructive work undertaken; that they could count on the suspension of all laws that prevented them from getting together and operating the mileage of the country as one system.

Working through the newly created War Board, wonderful results were accomplished by the railway presidents on returning from their conference with Mr. Lane. By taking off highly competitive trains, by increasing the car and train loads, and by otherwise developing operating efficiency, more business was handled during the first seven months of the war—from the beginning of April to the end of October—than during any twelve months within recent years. That

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the Railroad War Board was succeeding, not only in handling the record-breaking business offered by the country, but also in creating a better feeling between the railroads and the shipping and travelling public, was admitted on all sides.

But instead of keeping up the good work, a conference of railroad presidents was called to reopen the freight-rate controversy. When the question of fixing the increase to be asked for came up, some one suggested 10 per cent.; some one else suggested 15 per cent. That motion was carried. Soon everybody connected directly or indirectly with the railroads was going about with a long face telling how the carriers were again "facing a crisis." Gaining the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission for a hearing, the taking of testimony began early in November. One railroad president after another testified that unless the 15 per cent. increase in freight rates were granted at once, to be followed by other increases, bankruptcy was straight ahead. Many prominent Wall Street men were put on the witness stand to testify in behalf of the railroads. Then, with everybody waiting for the decision, fully expecting that the railroads would win, something unexpected happened. The Interstate Commerce Commission made the recommendation that led to President Wilson's proclamation taking over the railroads.

Why the Interstate Commerce Commission was forced to that recommendation can be illustrated by quoting from the annual report of the Atchison, just issued to its shareholders. In his printed remarks, President Ripley calls attention to the fact that the railroads have been taken over by the Government, and then, without any further explanation, he dismisses the subject by adding: "The causes leading to the necessity for this action were not of your making." But can he say the same for himself? In his annual report for 1907, immediately after Congress passed its first law placing real power in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission, President Ripley said to the shareholders:

> It is hoped and believed that the public will soon realize that its recent attitude towards railway companies in general has not been just to their stockholders and bondholders, and also that, unless the confidence of investors in the security and stability of railway investments is restored, it will be impossible to obtain the additional railway facilities which are necessary to the development of the country.

This sort of talk was repeated in the reports of the Atchison, the Pennsylvania, the Lackawanna, and many other railroads year after year. Criticism of Government regulation increased after the law was passed in 1910 giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to suspend proposed rate increases until the railroads proved that the proposed increases were reasonable. All the time Atchison, Pennsylvania, and Lackawanna were "ploughing in fat." Take, for example, the annual report just issued by the Atchison. That statement shows that in ten years Atchison has increased its gross earnings from $89,000,000 to $169,000,000, or nearly 90 per cent. During that same period annual fixed interest on bonds, the charge that brings about receivership unless it is paid the moment it is due, actually decreased from $13,100,000 to $11,800,000. In the meantime, despite the fact that the annual amount of current earnings spent for ordinary maintenance increased from $25,400,000 to $47,300,000, the surplus applicable to dividends increased from $17,354,000 to $38,185,000, that is, 120 per cent., or even more than the increase in gross earnings. Nor is that all. During the past ten years, while increasing its maintenance allowance year by year and paying 4 per cent. dividend on the preferred stock and 6 per cent. on the common, Atchison has been increasing its profit-and-loss surplus from $20,352,000 to $32,230,000. And at the same time, no less than $86,085,000 of surplus earnings, after dividends, have been appropriated for improvements, which might have been charged to capital account.

These figures, which are typical of many roads, including Pennsylvania, Lackawanna, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Jersey Central, Reading, Norfolk & Western, Illinois Central, Louisville & Nashville, and Atlantic Coast Line, hardly indicate that the railroads have been "facing a crisis," or that they have been bled white as a result of Government regulation. It is true that others might be mentioned, such as Erie, Rock Island, New Haven, Missouri Pacific, Alton, Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and Frisco, which will not show similar results. But, then, Erie, for example, operates next door to Lackawanna, under exactly the same laws and rates; Rock Island parallels Atchison.

Why is one railroad highly prosperous and another, operating in the same territory, barely able to keep ahead of the Sheriff? The answer to that question throws light on the whole railroad situation. It will be found that in the case of most prosperous railroads, such as the Atchison or the Lackawanna or the Union Pacific, the directors themselves own large blocks of stock or else have been appointed by large stockholders. That is why the property is well managed. But in far too many cases the directors, though having absolute power, own or control a very small minority of the outstanding shares. In brief, many railroads, owned by small, widely scattered shareholders, are controlled absolutely by self-appointed Wall Street directors, who hire the presidents and other operating officials. With the owners of these railroads thus separated from their property by such directors, it is not surprising that many fail.

One of the most influential members of the Administration, in discussing the railroad situation a month or six weeks ago, made the prediction that, whether private or Government ownership was ahead, Wall Street control of the railroads belonged to the past. "Wall Street can recover just as much control of the railroads as it wants to after this war is over," he said, "providing its motive is public service and not private gain." Certainly each important move made by the Government since the railroads were taken over appears to confirm that prediction.

Director-General McAdoo doubtless arrived at the conclusion that it was asking too much of the railroad presidents, even those who had displayed willingness to help the country solve its transportation problems, to serve both their own directors and the Government. Hence the sweeping order discharging them all. Most of them will be taken back as Federal managers to serve only one master, the Government. Others will be retained to serve the directors or shareholders whose property has been rented by the Government. Great systems like the Pennsylvania or the Baltimore & Ohio will have need for their deposed presidents.

Under the law passed on March 21, each railroad is guaranteed annual net income equal to the average for the three years ending June 30, 1917. If a company whose three-year average was, say, $1,000,000 earns only $900,000 this year, the Government will make up the other $100,000; if $1,100,000 is earned, the extra $100,000 goes to the Government. Where dividends or other charges against surplus

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earnings call for, say, $750,000, the company will have a final balance of $250,000 to pay any expenses not allowed by the Government, including the salary of the president, who is to be retained by the directors or shareholders.

With $937,000,000 to be spent on the railways under close Government supervision, no one will suffer but the parasite Wall Street director and his representatives in the railroads. Beyond question the new arrangement will develop better transportation machinery. Through the economies made possible by Government operation, a better machine has already been developed. Other economies are to come, which will result in the saving of great sums of money annually. Therefore, from the standpoint of the Government, Director-General McAdoo has made a great mistake in not waiting to see how much money could thus be saved before increasing freight rates 25 per cent. on top of the 15 per cent. increase just granted. With all of the reins now in his own hands, Mr. McAdoo is doing exactly what the Government for the past eight years has been telling the railroads that they could not do, that is, pass the burden of higher rates along to the public until they first made an honest effort to determine how much money could be saved by putting their house in order. Not one of the deposed railroad presidents could have imagined securing a 40 per cent. increase in freight rates within less than six months. From the Government's viewpoint, then, the honor of securing better transportation machinery is an empty one.

The Need for Nurses

By ANNE HERVEY STRONG

WHEN the three national organizations of trained nurses met recently in Cleveland for their annual convention, the great banner of the Red Cross Nursing Service bore in the centre of its field the number 11,742 to indicate the number of nurses already assigned to military duty. Nearly 12,000, therefore, are now rendering military service, notwithstanding the fact that the American Expeditionary Force has only just begun to participate in actual fighting. By January of next year, according to the Surgeon-General's estimate, 18,000 nurses in addition, or a total of 30,000, will be needed for the army alone.

When these trained women entered the service of the Red Cross, they left important work behind them, and their places have been difficult if not impossible to fill. So silently in time of peace had their beneficent work gone on, that more than one community now realizes for the first time how necessary to its welfare such skilled service had become. In the entire United States the number of registered nurses is less than 66,000, including many not available for active work. It is not surprising, consequently, that a shortage of nurses already exists in certain places and threatens to become serious as the war goes on. It has been possible, however, to provide fully for immediate military needs, and it is reassuring to know that a practical plan to relieve the shortage has now been worked out by the nurses themselves. This plan, if it is adopted by the Government, will depend for its success upon the willingness of the young women of the country to do not only their bit, but their utmost.

Long before war was declared, doctors and nurses alike recognized the seriousness of our enormous national problem of sickness. Conservative estimates, based on the Census of 1910, showed that on an average not less than 3,000,000 of our population were every day incapacitated by illness. It was equally well known that the sickness of at least half, that is, of 1,500,000 persons, could be prevented by utilizing knowledge and methods already available. Aside from the human pity of it, the annual cost in money alone of preventable sickness is not less than one and one-half billion dollars, no inconsiderable sum in days when every thrift stamp counts. Now, after a year of war, every one sees that the nation needs every worker with all his powers, and that national safety is dependent upon national health.

For a generation nurses have been steadily helping to build up our country's health agencies. Thus they have created and administered the professional nursing systems of our civil hospitals. They have developed, according to Florence Nightingale's plan, a form of vocational education in which learning by doing is an actuality, and the doing is constantly related to reality by the sense of human need. They have carried their knowledge and skill out into the homes, where under modern conditions ninety per cent. of all sickness is cared for, and they have organized great systems of visiting nursing, with the added functions of teaching and prevention. As the modern public health movement has developed, they have assumed important duties as organizers and executives. They are carrying on health work of inestimable value for school children, and welfare work for babies which has already resulted in the saving of countless lives.

Maintaining adequate staffs of nurses in all these varied fields of work, a problem none too easy of solution in time of peace, has become increasingly difficult after a year of war. Teachers and administrative officers of training schools, who have already volunteered in large numbers, are more than ever needed in hospitals, not only for the sake of the sick, but also for the sake of training a continuous supply of nurses for present and for future needs. Furthermore, it would be disastrous to curtail the services, inadequate at best, for nursing the sick in their homes. Even if we felt for their suffering no trace of human compassion, national safety would still demand for them suitable nursing care in order to restore them in the shortest possible time to the ranks of productive citizens.

Finally, since no other form of conservation exceeds in importance the conservation of human life and efficiency, public health nursing should be carried on with increased vigor. Visiting nurse associations need more workers to extend their work and indeed to maintain it in its present efficiency. We need more school nurses; their work must be continued and extended, unless the present generation of children is to suffer impairment from the same preventable diseases and defects that have rendered so many young men unfit for military service. We need more nurses for anti-tuberculosis work; in more communities than one the number of deaths from this preventable disease has increased during the last year, a menacing fact in view of the experience in France. We need more industrial nurses. The reduction of sickness and accident accomplished by their work, and the consequent reduction of labor turnover, have been repeatedly demonstrated. In war industries particularly it is essential to maintain the efficiency of the workers. We need more nurses for infant welfare work. Without them the campaign of the Federal Children's Bureau to save the lives of 100,000 children during the coming year must fail to accomplish its purpose. Furthermore, the great new

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fields of social and mental hygiene are calling for nurses with special training, and the Red Cross needs many more for sanitary work in zones surrounding the cantonments, in order to protect the health both of civilians and of soldiers. Especially do we need in every branch of the work women qualified to organize, to administer, to supervise, and to teach.

Work such as this at home is clearly a measure of national self-preservation. Its enormous and sudden expansion is taking place at the same time that skilled nursing must be provided for our sick and wounded soldiers in France. Furthermore, provision must be made gradually for the soldiers of our allies, whose resources after these three years of bitter struggle have been strained to the utmost. In many European hospitals, especially during the early days of the war, skilled nursing service was insufficient or totally lacking, and from this lack there resulted much unnecessary suffering and even death. Among our own troops, happily, this tragic story will not be repeated. Profound gratitude is due to the American Red Cross, because in time of peace it had the energy and foresight to organize a skilled nursing service, which no nation of Europe had at the beginning of the war. Even before any of our soldiers had reached the other side, American doctors and nurses were there on duty, fully equipped and prepared. Sick and wounded soldiers abroad are having and must continue to have every provision for comfort and recovery that our most highly trained doctors and nurses can devise.

If the needs of the country as a whole are considered, a shortage of nurses has in reality always existed. For this shortage there are two outstanding causes. In the first place, modern nursing has developed so rapidly, especially in connection with the new public health activities of the last decade, that the supply of specially trained women has not yet adjusted itself to the demand. A second and more fundamental reason, however, has been the uncomprehending and niggardly treatment that nurses' training schools have received from the public. Medical schools have been liberally endowed and hospitals enriched by princely gifts, but no considerable sum of money has yet been given to training schools for their teaching work. Again, colleges for women, both liberal and vocational, have been generously endowed, while schools offering training for this important form of public service have been expected, by the performance of labor far beyond the demands of their own training, to assist in carrying the financial burdens of hospitals unable in any other way to furnish patients with skilled care. Thus in many instances the nurses' training has been unnecessarily exacting and therefore unattractive. Exploiting of pupil nurses in the better schools is now a thing of the past. Nevertheless, the public has much to learn and much to unlearn before our training schools will have the support, both financial and other, that they so seriously need and so richly deserve.

Whatever the causes, immediate or remote, of the insufficient supply of nurses, vigorous action is evidently needed now. The need, clearly, is not for amateurs, but for thoroughly trained and competent women, and in increasing the supply, much has already been accomplished. During the last year, largely as a result of the efforts of the Nursing Committee of the Council of National Defence, registration of pupil nurses in training has been increased by about 25 per cent. As a result, instead of the previous annual increase of approximately 13,000, from 15,000 to 18,000 new graduates will be available in 1919 and also in 1920. Moreover, the larger classes now enrolled are already making possible the release for military service of graduate nurses in increased numbers.

A war measure of extraordinary value to which the Red Cross has contributed $75,000 is the special course in preparation for nurses' training schools, to be offered at Vassar College this summer. More than five hundred college women have registered already. From the day they enter their training schools next fall, these women will be rendering patriotic service in helping to care for the sick of the civil population while preparing in the least possible time for responsible executive work.

More important and far-reaching still, however, is a plan recently proposed by the Chief Inspecting Nurse of the War Department and endorsed by the Surgeon-General of the Army, by the three national nurses' organizations, together representing more than 40,000 nurses of the United States, and by other competent authorities, including such men as Dr. Winford Smith, of the Surgeon-General's staff. This plan, known as the plan for an Army School of Nursing, is based on the well-known fact that training schools for nurses have furnished not only the best, but so far the only satisfactory method of caring for patients in large hospitals. It proposes to establish training schools in cantonment hospitals in the United States. The plan, if adopted, insures adequate nursing care for our soldiers at home and abroad, and will offer an opportunity for immediate service in military hospitals here to hundreds of young women eager to serve their country now. This plan has not yet been favorably acted upon. In view of the needs of our soldiers, its possible failure would be hardly less than a national calamity; even delay in adopting it is cruelly reminiscent of fiddling while Rome burned.

Opposition has come chiefly from persons who, blind to well-known experience, advocate dependence for military nursing upon nurses' aides and untrained volunteers. In matters of life and death neither social prominence nor the utmost good will ever has been or ever can be equivalent to technical skill and the judgment that comes only from training and experience. The last year has furnished disappointing but conclusive evidence that volunteers cannot be relied upon for sustained, responsible work in nursing. Many instances might be quoted. One, typical perhaps, occurred in an Eastern city last year, when from among 1,500 women who had taken the Red Cross Course in Home Nursing, many with the professed desire to nurse in France, only two women were found both able and willing to share in a needed piece of nursing work. Even those two, although they began willingly enough, withdrew after a few weeks. These 1,500 women, properly organized and trained, imbued with the professional spirit, would have rendered admirable service; as volunteers they were practically without value.

President Wilson was profoundly right in saying that this is no war for amateurs. Only those who put their country first are fit to serve in this time of need. Young women have already responded well, but the country looks to them for more. Like their brothers, they must submit to training and endure sacrifice if they are to share worthily in this tragic war. Thousands of nurses, both in the Red Cross and in other forms of nursing work, are finding highest happiness in rendering just such expert and disciplined service. And the nation calls for thousands more.

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Woman Suffrage in New York*

By MRS. NORMAN DE R. WHITEHOUSE

AT the forty-ninth annual convention of the Suffrage Party, held in New York city just a few days after the great victory of November 6, it was decided that, as an organization, the New York State Woman Suffrage Party should remain a non-partisan group of voters; and that its members should inform themselves of the various problems of government in order to use the new power of citizenship to the greatest advantage of State and nation. It was realized that the fundamental work of the party as such is now to prepare the women of the State for good citizenship. To carry on this work effectively, committees on education, Americanization, legislation, Congressional work, labor, intelligence, rural problems, and war service were established. This article can do little more than touch on a few of the more striking activities.

The vital work of teaching women to use their vote wisely and to keep them from being exploited because of their inexperience is in the hands of the Education Committee. It has held schools for the training of teachers in political, social, and civic subjects; it is organizing groups of women all over the State for the study of citizenship, and is providing them with teachers; it has prepared and sent out correspondence courses in citizenship; and it keeps in circulation travelling libraries of recognized books on civics and government. It has made recommendations which have been accepted by the State Board of Regents: that the course in civics in the elementary schools be revised, that the study of civics in the high schools be made compulsory, and that public school buildings be used as civic centres.

The first training school for teachers of citizenship, held in New York city, was arranged for a period of intensive study covering two weeks in January. Three hundred students attended the sessions with an average attendance of 150 throughout. The lectures were given by experts, and at the close of the series an examination was held, 32 students winning the diploma of teacher of citizenship. Following this course, an extensive movement for the political education of women was inaugurated. In New York city during the month of March alone 312 citizenship classes were held. Women of all groups and classes, irrespective of suffrage affiliation, are continually turning to the suffrage teachers of citizenship to assist them in their first endeavors to gain a working knowledge of civics. There has been a succession of crowded classes at city headquarters. As soon as one series was completed, a new series had to begin, so great was the demand. During the two months before general enrolment day, May 25, all the city party's teaching forces had to be concentrated on the educational work. One hundred and sixty thousand copies of four printed lessons in citizenship have been distributed to department stores, insurance companies, banks, trust companies, and many other industrial establishments of the city for the use of the women employees. Talks have also been given in these establishments, the employers generously cooperating by permitting the classes to be given in store or company time. In addition to such establishments, classes have also been held in parish houses, community centres, mothers' meetings, settlements, public schools, Red Cross clubs, various women's clubs, girls' clubs, Y. W. C. A. (including the colored branches), Y. W. H. A., banks, lunch and tea rooms, ladies' specialty shops and restaurants, the Hippodrome chorus, and soldiers' and sailors' clubs.

In 40 out of 57 up-State counties many efficient schools in citizenship were conducted during the first four months of 1918; and where snowbound roads prevented public gatherings, the correspondence lessons have penetrated, being sent to 1,500 up-State and rural subscribers every week. It is impossible to go into this work in detail, but it has been carried on with great vigor and success throughout the whole State.

A weekly information bulletin summarizes, without editorial comment, the most important proceedings and proposed bills in Congress and the various departments of the Federal Administration, the New York State Legislature, and the New York city governing boards. It is sent to a thousand "information centres," local leaders and subscribers every week, and from the bulletin boards of hundreds of club centres makes its appeal to thousands of citizens.

There are at least 400,000 foreign-born women in New York State who by Federal law become citizens solely because of the citizenship of their fathers or husbands. It is of the greatest importance at this time that this vast group, with the traditions and languages of other countries, should understand the ideals and purposes of the American Government. For this purpose the Americanization Committee is organized in the industrial towns of the State and in each Assembly district in New York city. The chairman of each local committee has associated with her an advisory council composed of representatives of the various organizations doing Americanization work in the district, including libraries, schools, foreign-language societies, and priests.

In every district the methods are the same: (1.) The formation of classes in the English language and in civics in the public schools, in the afternoon or evening. (2.) The organization of such classes, conducted sometimes by public-school teachers and sometimes by voluntary teachers, in settlements and neighborhood houses. (3.) The founding of a corps of house-to-house workers, assisting the captain in each election district. (4.) The establishment of classes in factories, wherever this is possible, on employers' time or directly after hours. (5.) The establishment of information centres in every immigrant neighborhood.

The committee has especially emphasized the importance of information centres, where immigrant women—and immigrant men, too, for that matter—may receive information concerning citizenship, naturalization, voting, and important war matters of all kinds, such as drafts, allotments, and food questions. The real purpose of the centres is to serve as places to which the women come informally, as they wish or need to do. With the centres as a basis, the organization of formal classes becomes far more easily possible. The Americanization Committee has also procured the

*In view of the fact that political and social conditions in New York are widely different from those prevailing in most States which have for a long period had woman suffrage, the question as to what use women in New York are likely to make of political power has more than local interest. The *Nation* is accordingly glad to present to its readers the following article, which summarizes briefly the work of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party during the first half-year of political enfranchisement in this State.

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passage of a bill providing for the training of teachers for adult illiterates. This bill carries an appropriation for the establishment of training institutes in the State normal schools and the various cities of the State.

Similar in purpose is the work of the Rural Problems Committee, which seeks to show rural women how, by the use of the vote, they may help solve some of their own vital problems. A series of conferences are being held, designed to reach rural women in particular, to give and receive information, and to exchange ideas on desirable legislation for rural districts. They are open to county officials, county welfare workers, chairmen of farm bureaus, county agents of the State Charities Aid Association, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and similar organizations, as well as women. Informal speeches followed by discussion deal with such subjects as these: marking the ballot; a lesson in civics; women's war work; food production and conservation; State and county legislation affecting rural districts; the Rural Nurses' bill; information as to how representatives voted on questions of importance in each locality; what we get for our taxes; suggestions for new legislation. Specially notable has been the campaign for public-health nurses in rural counties, which will be steadily pushed.

The party is not limiting itself, however, to purely educational activities. The Intelligence Committee obtains and tabulates information about every candidate for public office and every public official, from the President of the smallest village to the Governor of the State. At election time it will put this information at the disposal of the people. Besides making better voters of the women by arousing their intelligent interest in those who control public affairs, it is laying up a mass of information that will insure a better class of candidates. Supporting the chairman of this committee there is in every county a chain of intelligence officers whose responsibility it is to obtain and report on the record of every man or woman candidate for election. The next step will be an intensive study of the merits of the respective candidates and principles.

Going a step farther, the Legislative Committee watches the activities of the State Legislature and keeps an experienced representative in Albany during the legislative session. It urges individuals and organizations to take action on important measures, and during the recent session frequently coöperated with other sympathetic organizations. A fortnightly legislative bulletin concerning measures of special interest which were pending before the Legislature was sent to more than 700 clubs as well as to Assembly district organizations throughout the State. Women and labor organizations working together prevented the laying aside of protective laws for the period of the war—no mean achievement. While the New York State Woman Suffrage Party does not further the candidacy of women for legislative office as representatives of any of the political parties, yet experience has demonstrated that women are badly needed in committees, especially on labor and industry and public health.

Special importance accordingly attaches to the work of the Labor Committee of the party. The war has brought many new problems in connection with the work of women and children. It is more necessary than ever before to maintain the health and therefore the productive ability of the nation at its fullest capacity. Profiting by the experience gained during the legislative session just closed, the committee has issued a call to a conference to decide on the programme for the next session of the Legislature. This programme will be presented to the convention of the State Federation of Labor for endorsement, and every candidate for Senate and Assembly will be put on record concerning it. This will obviate much of the uphill work of the recent session, when concentrated but unsuccessful efforts were made to get the Eight Hour bill and the Wagner Minimum Wage bill enacted into law in the special interest of the women workers of the State.

Directed along more purely political lines are the activities of the Congressional Committee, which coöperates with the National American Woman Suffrage Association and the suffrage organizations of other States in the attempt to pass the Federal amendment. In view of the present position of the amendment and the opposition to it of the senior Senator from New York, this work has great importance, and the New York State Party proposes to give its support to the National Woman Suffrage Association, with which it is affiliated, until three-fourths of the States have ratified.

No account of the work of the party would be complete which neglected the achievements of its War Service Committee. This committee, which acts as a clearing house for all kinds of war service, coöperates with existing agencies for war work. It gives service through the State-wide organization and coöperates actively with the committees for the Liberty Loans; it canvasses for the thrift and war stamps; it aids the Woman's Land Army of America and assists the Council of National Defence in the Children's Year campaign. Hospital aid service, food conservation according to Mr. Hoover's plans, coöperation with the Government Employment Bureau, clerical work, housing surveys for war workers—all are included in the plan of work offered by the War Service Committee, the application of the plan necessarily varying in different parts of the State.

When all the public-spirited women of a district are united for service, it means very few houses for each member to visit to cover a whole district. The War Service Committee believes that the value to the State of having a large-minded woman in frequent touch with every woman neighbor of hers in the interest of good citizenship and patriotic service is inestimable. Education for citizenship in relation to war service forms an important part of the programme of the committee. Educational propaganda is needed to bring out the direct connection between the principles of government and the application of these principles to specific instances. The movement for the ranking of army nurses is an instance of this need. Equal pay, equal rank, and equal standing for the army nurse with her co-workers of the medical corps simply mean democracy in action.

This hasty review of the purpose and work of the New York State Suffrage Party by no means exhausts the list of its activities, nor does it do more than hint at the significance of the movement. To those who have doubted the wisdom of women's enfranchisement under the conditions that prevail in the Eastern States, this story of a brief six months of women's activity should offer some measure of reassurance. To those who have supported the movement for full political equality, the record should bring encouragement and confirmation in the faith. No informed person would maintain that women have remade or will remake the political life of the State, and yet perhaps it is not too much to assert that the women's movement is the greatest civic and educational force in the State to-day.

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Fundamentals in the Education of Women

By MARION EDWARDS PARK

THE conditions under which women have been living and in constantly greater numbers going to work during the last year, and which must continue while the war lasts, are in many ways an abrupt realization of the old visions and imaginings seen by the prophets of their economic independence. Women have suddenly found placed in their hands opportunities to learn and carry on occupations previously untried. Far oftener than before they have found themselves able to draw a man's pay for doing a man's work. Responsibility not only for small and immediate groups, but for large and widely extended groups, has been given them, and the demand for their labor is constant, general, and genuine. Long ago Mary Lyon and her like began to feel their way towards a form of secondary and higher training for women which, over and above the content of the subjects taught, would give them self-confidence, a sense of responsibility, and a power of initiative; but the measured advance of women's education, not only under the pioneers, but under their successors, has not fully prepared them for the quick travelling and the heavy impedimenta which are now being forced on them.

Of the immediate demands on women the most clamorous is that they shall do more of the actual work of the world. They are wanted through almost the entire range of occupations, skilled and unskilled. More women must work in their own homes at the historic tasks of cooking, sewing, and the care of house and children. More women are called for in fields of manufacture and trade already open to them; others in fields similar but hitherto closed. More women are needed in the professions, especially in those whose barriers they had fortunately already penetrated.

Less loud but no less steady is the demand that they shall be ready to lead and organize others in the welter of industrial and social war work which is slowly taking on shape and order. Women have often enough been told that they lacked initiative. Yet at this moment there are glass mountains to be climbed, and the experienced Princes are busy elsewhere. In the tasks without tradition or precedent which are being set the world, women must often direct, and they must carry them out with the help of any hands and brains which happen to be available. Again they are often reminded that they have to be taught the rules of team play. Yet some one not otherwise employed must make hastily gathered groups of workers into effective working units.

But most urgent of all is the demand that women who are entering far more fully than before into economic and political life, and entering at the most complicated and puzzling period of the world's history, should have the ability to distinguish between fact and non-fact, to put to one side what laziness or stupidity has given them as honest information, and then, where it is necessary, to set about readjusting to a new and firmer basis earlier points of view, judgments, and rules of conduct. No one, man or woman, is exempt from this duty; but women, because their inherited experience is more limited, have the harder task in preparing themselves to meet the demand. In many cases it is in the midst of new occupations and responsibilities that they must work out a new gauge for fact, and work it out well enough to make it efficient from the first. The demand is a desperately earnest one. This generation is fighting for all its hard-earned inheritances. Unless its weapon is of true metal, unless we can stake everything on its strength and temper, we cannot win, or we can win only to lose again. Unless sentiment, tradition, natural vanity, personal relations—anything which in the past has given a twist to our judgment or conduct—is recognized as making for unreality and got rid of, all our exertions, our organizations, the utmost efforts our patriotism can make, are wasted.

Each one of these demands on women is peremptory as regards time. Somehow each one must be met to-day, and it will face us again to-morrow; but the first or second may change somewhat with the years, whereas the third is permanent. Women's labor may or may not be used in as large measure when the men are no longer called away from their homes for service; a certain part of the organization of the moment will be dispensed with when the temporary need for it is past; but, for as many years as we can look ahead, the ability to recognize facts will be as insistent as it is to-day. The war once over, there is likely to come a confused period of social disturbance, of international bitterness, of difficulties without an uplifting emotion to carry us through them. The long reconstruction period will call on every individual for a point of view and course of action steadily maintained, and only if they are based on a sense of fact can they be so maintained.

In thinking over, then, the question as to how women can be trained to-day to meet these demands and such as these, we must keep in mind that the calling to life of a sense of truth to fact is the first necessity, and although special training must at once multiply the numbers and improve the efficiency of our supply of workers and organizers, the general training which aims at a quick response to fact in the thought and action of the individual, the community, and the nation must in no case be sacrificed to it.

The majority of girls now being educated will leave school at the grammar grades, a small number will go on through one or more of the four high-school years; from among the latter a very few will go to college. How directly do the demands on women touch the training of these groups?

It goes without saying that to allow girls to leave school before the present low age limit is reached or to substitute for general subjects in the grammar-school curriculum a brief training in manual work which would be valuable as a means of earning a low wage would be an irremediable mistake for the country and an injustice to the women of the next generation, for which we could ill account to ourselves. The larger the number of girls who can be kept in school long enough to learn at least something of their own literature and language, their history, and their community life, to look through the eyes of another nation by means of an acquaintance with its language, history, and economics, to master and appreciate the exactness of scientific method, to make sure of the ability to say and write what they mean, the more solid surely will be the basis of the actions and instincts of the American people later. Nor should any attempt be made to overspeed their education, or to fill their school years too full. What one girl will suffer through overexcitement and fatigue, and another through the deadening of interest which comes of cramming, will be an actual loss to the nation, perhaps in dollars and cents, certainly in morale and responsibility. And although a freshly planned

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scheme of secondary education should present the equivalent of the present training given in a shorter time than is used at present, still we must not be tempted to accept it. However much educators disagree as to forms of secondary education, there is no variation in their insistence that the age limit of compulsory education shall be continually raised. Even in an emergency, it is a violation of the rights of the young if we catch at the months thus released and turn them to our advantage.

The immediate demand for women's work as applied to girls up to sixteen is almost exclusively for the less skilled forms of technical work. It must be met, because we cannot win the war without a great increase in such labor. We must throw into the field the services of several types of older women: those now employed in the manufacture of and trade in unessentials, those who, up to the present, have had no regular occupation and who may be drawn on as a hitherto unused reservoir of time and ability, and those who are already at work, but not at full speed. It is true that the majority of self-supporting women are forced by the conditions of their lives to be almost constantly occupied; but a minority, among whom are many college graduates and many women of more than secondary school training, can still give their evenings, their Saturdays, their vacations even, if they are unable to make more of a readjustment. One of the best arguments against the cutting short of secondary education is our knowledge that the limit of the possibilities for efficiency of the educated woman can never be reached. However accurately her energies and acquirements are catalogued and summarized, she can always do more by the aid of a new adjustment, a time-saving device, or disregard of her personal convenience. Such women can take hold of the problem of manual work as they have done in England. It is hard and monotonous, but women have always borne their share of monotonous work; they are ready to do it now, and certainly the older woman would think it safer to attempt it herself than to thrust it on the younger and less well endowed.

Colleges and college graduates and undergraduates have, besides, their own field. Some of the necessary technical work requires special preparation, and this must be at once provided for. It seems obvious that every vocational school where nursing, farming, secretarial work, household economics, or laboratory work in applied science is taught should be put on the four-term system, so that the training of its own students may be hurried through, where it is desirable, and its facilities may be offered during the summer to women with no previous training, or to those who wish to add technical knowledge to academic training.

The responsibility of the academic colleges is both to themselves and to the professional schools. They can point their courses so that they make a surer connection with technical or professional work. Indeed, the student community and the outside world would insist on this pointing of the curriculum if the colleges had not already taken it in hand. And for two professions special preparation must deliberately be made. Every college student whose bent lies towards either medicine or teaching should be steered by dean or advisers in these directions. In both professions the decrease in men available is already alarming, and for obvious reasons the numbers of young men entering them will be small for at least the immediate future. The colleges can further provide extra-curricular, especially summer, courses for special training in the technical work which is more closely allied to their own courses in psychology or economics than to those offered by vocational colleges. And in every course given in every college a student should learn the passion for truth, which arises from an honest search for knowledge, and which is taught without the passing of a word between teacher and student.

Finally, if there is to be an effort to provide for the demands of the moment, women must be ready to combine and concentrate in education wherever it is wise, just as they are learning to combine in industry and in social service. Opportunities for work should be made most effective where they are, and should not be unnecessarily duplicated. The pride of students, alumnæ, and committees in their own schools and colleges needs to give way to a better correlated educational system, where each educational unit is used to its full capacity, and supplemented, if necessary, by the work of another unit in the next street or town or State.

The mention of such correlation of education suggests inevitably the dream of a general conscription for women under all-wise boards which would not only decide for the individual the place of her greatest usefulness, but would balance the value of the immediate use of her present capacities with the delay incident to the education of her potential capacities more intelligently than the individual herself can do. Fortunately, the clearest demand on women needs no decision on their part, or on the part of any board. It needs a difficult and lengthy education. Whatever place any girl or woman may fill, she must never cease to educate herself to recognize truth when she sees it and, proceeding from that recognition, she must fit herself to be an intelligent, just, and honest citizen of America in war or peace.

The Virginia Man and the New Era for Women

By ORIE LATHAM HATCHER

IT need not be surprising that in a community so tenacious of social ideals as Virginia still remains, the public mind—or, to be more exact, the masculine mind—is concerned chiefly with the effect of the era upon the women themselves, not with their competence for the new tasks. Whether it is the Southern man's instinctive deference to the other sex, or some other cause, which deters him, even the most conservative rarely raises a doubt as to women's ability to do the new things opening to them: it is the desirability of their doing them which gives him pause. The South is perhaps irrevocably personal: certainly it remains interested above all things in human relationships and human products as such, still interpreting life in social rather than economic terms, and clinging to the family idea with a faithfulness which to many cosmopolitans would seem half archaic. Its racial homogeneity, as compared with that of other sections, and its social instinct are only two of the forces welding it, as no other is welded, into a single community, a sort of "home town" where certain broad and deep sentiments may be assumed to prevail; and nowhere else in the South except in Charleston, after all a small world to itself, has a certain conception of what a woman should be and do persisted so fervently as in Virginia. It has nowhere else had so compelling an influence.

This is not for a moment to claim that, except to the Virginian, this conception is inherently superior to the

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ideals cherished elsewhere, or even different except in proportions and emphases. No thoughtful Southerner who has lived for any time in the North can be unconscious, indeed, that if one is to generalize, the generalization is squarely against the typical Southern woman, as regards adequate mental discipline, sense of order and restraint, dispassionateness of judgment, and in general a steady, quiet, impersonal efficiency—qualities obviously basic to many forms of achievement, and rarely discovered by the Northerner in a Southern woman undisciplined by contact with the North. Let us be frank and say, whether our formula of personality and success is identical with this or not, that there is some reason for the generalization; and let it be said, further, that it is the Southern man who has prevented the further development of these traits in our women. Moreover, he is still largely unrepentant, or at best largely skeptical, because the faith that is within him turns another way and deserves at least another hearing. Indeed, there is, for the progressive Virginia woman, no escape from the hearing, because her opportunity in various directions must come by laws dependent on masculine consent.

Traditionally the ideal woman in Virginia is, of course, a social being, preserving first of all graciousness and grace, delicacy of fibre, strong instinct for home, and in general a sensitiveness to the beautiful things of life. To these ends she is to be protected from all of its bolder, rougher aspects. In the olden days, it was comparatively easy to maintain this protection, both economic and social conditions favoring it; and the few women to whom it was impossible clung as close to it as they might, often at tremendous cost of happiness and self-expression. It was assumed that only direct necessity forced a woman into money-making, but when this devolved upon her, teaching was, for the socially genteel, the only resource outside the home, and even that, much to be deprecated. The dubious acceptance of teaching as a suitable calling grew largely out of its aloofness from the business world, and the fact that it had the environment most nearly resembling that of a home. Occasionally a courageous woman took charge of the village post office or supplemented the family income by sewing or fancy work done for friends too loyal to tell the secret; more frequently friends of one's own kind were taken into the home for remuneration, or the home itself was transformed into one of those "boarding houses" which summed up the bitter struggles of many a family clinging desperately to its home and its family portraits. Such a house often had an influence and social fragrance strangely at odds with its unlovely name. But far too frequently women looked to their nearest masculine relatives for their support, which came as a matter of family pride, however uncomfortable the process on both sides. The gentle pathos of many lives, so shut off from initiative, emerges in letters and diaries of the time, but there is always evident the consciousness of meeting a standard against great odds, and the heroism was genuine in its quality, however misplaced. It is perhaps twenty years since economic pressure and a gradual infusion of courage sent the first young women of conservative Virginia families into banks or insurance companies as unskilled assistants. Later, others went in as trained stenographers, the way being usually made easier by some official, who, as a family friend, gave assurance that the new environment was not of a hurtful sort. In one of our larger cities a certain insurance company, because of its friendly protecting atmosphere, became the centre for such workers under compulsion, and in time acquired a social sanction which amounted to prestige. This in itself helped to make such work an accepted fact for young women in financial straits, but except for the rare artistic career and a few openings for the society editor, work of this sort and teaching summed up the woman's economic opportunity outside her home.

Times have been changing in many directions, however, even for women in Virginia, and long before the war brought its great propelling needs to bear, forces were gathering here as elsewhere to lead women out into larger fields. Suffrage has been well under way for almost a decade and is one of the strong community forces, not only for civic betterment and related causes, but for prestige and influence of the sort usually bound up with conservatism. Meanwhile, the reactionary party among women themselves continues active and inexorable, believing that the foundations of all that is best in the past are being assailed; and although suffrage will undoubtedly come, in Virginia, as elsewhere, at no very distant day, the opposition is still powerful enough in combination with the large party of the inert to prevent our Virginia Senators' support thus far of the Federal amendment. Undoubtedly the wise suffrage leaders here have realized, however, that success depends upon showing their cause to be compatible with the essentials of the Virginia tradition of womanliness, and both instinct and judgment have prevented the adoption here of the more aggressive forms of campaigning. Indeed, it is true to a remarkable degree that Virginia suffragists have carried their husbands with them into advocacy of their cause, and on this main point of normality have almost convinced the general public.

Definitely educational forces have been combining, too, to give the Virginia woman a better chance. Both secondary schools and colleges have been aroused to the necessity, in this connection, for more cosmopolitan standards, and for developing their students into more self-reliant thinking. Much is being done also to convince the public that women should have the opportunity to pursue a great variety of callings, especially those offering real interest and chance for initiative; making the training for such work available in Virginia and getting women started upon it are processes also now well under way, although naturally unending. That of convincing the public—meaning again primarily the masculine public which must provide the opportunity—is, of course, immensely furthered by war needs. It has been helped also by bringing to Virginia, for speaking before large and thoughtful audiences, women who are achieving distinguished success in traditionally masculine callings and yet keeping all the social graces upon which Virginia so fervently insists.

It is indicative of the encouraging but still indecisive mood of Virginia men that the Legislature this year passed in its upper house two very significant measures in the interest of women, but in the pressure of business elected to let both of them "die on the calendar" before reaching the vote in the House. One concerned women's admission to the practice of law; the other, their admission to the University of Virginia. During the same period, the faculty of the Medical College of Virginia, after long consideration, voted to admit women, but its board of visitors left this action unratified. Manifestly the question of woman's opportunity still lacks the asset of urgency in the eyes of the lawmakers formal and informal.

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Of the two bills before the Legislature, that proposing the admission of women to the bar met with little opposition at this, its first, consideration, surprising as this may seem; and there was a time in the sessions of the body when it seemed probable that women would be admitted to the practice of law, though denied the opportunity for studying it at the State University. The paradox failed to develop, however, because in the end neither privilege was granted. On the question of admitting women to the University, representative Virginia is divided as perhaps never before in its history. The movement began about ten years ago with a small group of women, and, except for President Alderman, found little favor at first at the University. It has steadily spread, although with enormous difficulty, until now the faculty, the board of visitors, organized groups of people by the thousands throughout the State, and an increasing number of alumni are actively supporting it. Meanwhile, the great mass of the local alumni, and under their leadership the student body, have set themselves against the movement with a religious intensity, enlarging their forces by drawing upon alumni throughout America, and more especially now upon those in the army across the water. One of the prominent features of the recent hearing before the Legislature was a protest from alumni in France asking that, while they were fighting to preserve the best in civilization, the traditions of their alma mater should not be desecrated. The fact that an equal opportunity for women in a State institution is a logical part of the democracy for which they are struggling did not move them, and probably will not. Historically the educational centre of the South, as well as of Virginia, the University of Virginia is the most sacred of all State institutions, and as such the repository of many of its most cherished traditions. This gives its past a hold upon its present which could hardly be grasped by a younger or less conservative community, and fortifies an opposition which, however much it may resort to the questionable argument against Dr. Fell, rests upon a sentiment well-nigh ineradicable. Modernized as the University has become in many ways, it cherishes the old belief that women belong to its world only for social pleasure and inspiration, and from its earliest days the tradition of beauty on the one side and gallantry on the other has made the place a supreme part of the social life of the State. But this new and would-be college woman who knocks now at its doors so persistently is entirely unrelated to its social consciousness and in the main is an incomprehensible quantity to the University of Virginia alumnus, even though, as often happens, she may be his daughter or his sister. Her indelicacy in seeking to intrude among men proves to him that she must be protected from herself, at the same time that his alma mater and the ideals of his State are saved from incalculable harm.

The movement as presented to the Legislature embodied three possibilities of choice: co-education with identical opportunities, a coördinate college near enough for faculty, library, and laboratory facilities to be largely used; and admission to the graduate school with certain limitations. War economy and public sentiment for some constructive action seemed at one time likely to bring co-education, which would have been revolutionary to a degree. All three measures shared the same ignoble fate in the end, although the one proposing the opening of the graduate school proved the most popular. On both sides preparations for the next session of the Legislature two years hence will go steadily forward, although there are many to predict victory even at the innermost shrine of Virginia conservatism.

Let it be said, after all, in common fairness that the Virginia man's attitude towards the problematic new woman advancing upon him has in it elements of insight and chivalry which our women will do well to ponder as they reach for a wider life. By all means the reach, but heaven send the right type of pioneer in every important new field of work opening to women here. Others smile, and with some reason, at Virginia provinciality and love of the past; but it cannot be entirely unfortunate that, in this time of woman's bewildering emancipation, one section of the country shall steadily emphasize without overemphasizing the value of that certain delicacy of femininity which, when all is said, remains one of the chief assets of woman, of the new era as of the old.

Correspondence

Reflections of a Soldier

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Besides the few letters which I receive, the *Nation* is the one tie which binds me to my old life. It matters not how irregular its arrival. It retains for me the same interest and fulfils no less its purpose of keeping me in touch with how America feels about the things which occupy the minds of all of us over here, twenty-four hours out of the day. It gives us what the newspapers fail to give us or give only in briefest summary, a reflection of the public opinion in America as it reacts towards the various issues which are constantly presenting themselves and which we over here can obtain only through indirect means at best.

It may be of interest to you to know to what use your *Nation* is put when it arrives. After I have read it and passed it to a brother officer attached with me, I take it to one of the officers of the French Mission, formerly a professor of the history of law in a French university with whom I am exchanging English conversation for French. It is the *Nation* which furnishes us with the main points of discussion for our evening *causerie*. Not until I had begun to make a practice of reading aloud from the *Nation* for the benefit of my comrade, the French captain, did I discover how interesting an article such as the "Report of the American Historical Society" might be.

I notice that the *Sun* published lately a very indignant retort to Coningsby Dawson's criticism of the pre-war American society girl as "a frail rose leaf." I am not so sure but this criticism may even now be sustained against a great portion of our American society butterflies. Certainly I saw no reason to doubt it when I left New York and Washington last year. In fact, I was even then beginning to suspect that the war, which was doing so much to strengthen our American manhood and to infuse new ideals into it, was leaving in great part our youthful American womanhood unaffected. This embryonic opinion was confirmed when I was able to compare by first-hand impressions what the English and French girls were doing with what the American girls were leaving undone.

Perhaps I am wrong in the opinions which I have formed; perhaps conditions have changed since I left. I should like to think they have. But from the letters which I receive from the young women whom I know and from what I hear

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from my friends, the young women are still the same frivolous young women and the American girl is still entitled to the honor which she bears in England and France and in many parts of America of being the most selfish girl in the world. Protests, as you are well aware, won't prove it wrong, but I should be delighted to have myself moved to a different opinion by well-founded arguments.

MISSOURI

France, April 7

Caesar Beat the Tuckahoe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the necessity and the activity of the United States Government in expediting shipbuilding, the following excerpt from Cæsar's Civil Wars is not without interest:

Quibus injuriis permotus Cæsar legiones tres Massiliam adducit; turres vineæasque ad oppugnationem urbis agere, naves longas Arelate numero XII facere instituit. Quibus effectis armatisque diebus XXX, a qua materia cæsa est, adductisque Massiliam his D. Brutum præficit, C. Trebonium legatum ad oppugnationem Massiliæ relinquit.

[Stirred by these wrongs, Cæsar conducts three legions to Massilia; he determines to bring up towers and penthouses for the siege of the city, and make twelve warships at Arelate. These having been made and equipped within thirty days from the day on which the timber was first cut down, and having been brought to Massilia, he puts D. Brutus in command of them, and leaves his legate, G. Trebonius, to conduct the siege of Massilia.]

F. V. HORNE

Detroit, Mich., May 22

Aristodemocracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I crave of your fairness and courtesy some space to counteract what, in your review of my book, "Aristodemocracy" (September 20, 1917), might lead to a serious misunderstanding of my attitude with regard to Germany? Your reviewer quotes from an address of mine, delivered more than eleven years ago and reproduced in part in "Aristodemocracy," insisting on the unity within its diversity of European civilization, that part *only* which refers to German intellectuality. The passage, as fully quoted in "Aristodemocracy," follows:

If, to take but our three great Western nations, I might venture upon a bold generalization—they are always inaccurate—I would say that in the past history of thought and culture and public life, England has often performed the function of invention and initiation; this was the achievement of a Shakespeare, a Bacon, a Newton, a Darwin, and, in public life, of the birth of Parliamentarism. [Then follows the passage you have quoted on German intellectuality.] France is the nation of widest artistic imagination and courage, which leads them not to fear the attempt of carrying into actual life, into palpitating realization, the bold ideas conceived by the intellect; it has, as a nation, the artistic, the creative, the passionate courage in giving actual form to the world of thought. Germany educates the mind, England the character, France the imagination which gives vitality to both. In the peaceful interpenetration of these forces our ethical life will be raised. All three of us, fighting with our several weapons, working in our several methods, approaching the common goal from our different roads, lead mankind to what we are bound to consider the best and the highest.

Surely I am right in maintaining that to single out from this passage (as quoted in the book reviewed) of an address delivered in 1906 under peculiar circumstances a part in praise of German intellectuality is, under present conditions, not fair to me.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN

Norton Hall, Cambridge, England, December 5, 1917

[Our reviewer calls attention to the fact that Sir Charles Waldstein himself, despite the revelations of the war, still quotes the passage on Germany in his book written during the war.—MANAGING EDITOR.]

Irish Definitions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In comparison with most publications in America, the *Nation* has been exceptionally fair in its treatment of Irish affairs, and I venture to ask a small portion of its space to explain three words that are in every-day use to camouflage the truth.

The first of these is UNION. It is not generally known in the United States, and even in England, that there never has been any organic union between Great Britain and Ireland. Ireland does not form an integral part of the United Kingdom, nor has she equal rights and privileges with the other island. The legislative Union of 1800 was intended to stifle and suppress the Irish Parliament, and ever since no Irish party has been able to pass a law favorable to its country. The "Unionists" are the party who wish to prevent any real and perfect union between England and Ireland.

The next term is ULSTER. This always means "Belfast," like the Three Taylors of Tooley Street calling themselves "The People of England." The Nationalists are in a majority in the province, and it is only lately, and for party purposes, that such a thing as Ulster has been discovered. Provinces are not administrative entities, and there are no divisions recognized in law greater than counties.

The third term is THE CASTLE. It describes the 55 or 65 boards that regulate local affairs. They are secret, irresponsible, and entirely manned by persons with ill-will towards Ireland—aliens in sentiment, if not by birth. In England and Scotland, officials are English or Scottish, respectively.

Ireland asks for colonial home rule with full fiscal independence; and America is in honor bound not to assist her rulers in denying the Irish this measure of justice.

W. P. WHERY

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 8

Contributors to this Issue

R. L. BARNUM is on the financial staff of the *Evening Post.*

ANNE HERVEY STRONG is professor of public health nursing in Simmons College.

MRS. NORMAN DE R. WHITEHOUSE is chairman of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party.

MARION EDWARDS PARK is dean of Simmons College.

ORIE LATHAM HATCHER is president of the Virginia Bureau of Vocations for Women.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is engaged in literary work in New York.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL, for many years resident in London, is among the best known American art critics.

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Young Death

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

MEN always said that Death was old,
A slow, bent man with wrinkled hand
Who, with a shining sickle, stern and cold
Went reaping through the land.

But now we have learned bitterly
They only spoke with ignorant tongue.
This year has touched our eyes, and now we see
That Death is fair and young.

With all the drilling lads he stands
Shoulder to shoulder in the street,
As stern his mouth as theirs, as quick his hands,
As eager his young feet.

Above their heads there hang the prayers
Of mothers. Boyish hearts beat bold.
Ah, hardly can we tell his face from theirs. . . .
Would God that Death were old!

Harps and Virginals

By O. W. FIRKINS

Love Songs. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Door of Dreams. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.

The Final Star. By Marion Couthouy Smith. New York: James T. White & Company. $1.25.

The Wind in the Corn. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1 net.

Renascence. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

The Little God. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.50 net.

The Divine Image. By Caroline Giltinan. Boston: The Cornhill Company. $1.25.

The Potter's Clay. By Marie Tudor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Glory of Toil. By Edna Dean Proctor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

The Song of the Sirens. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

The Return of Odysseus. By Marion Mills Miller. Boston: The Stratford Company.

MISS TEASDALE has justified the inclusion of old and new poems in one volume by their common quality as "Love Songs"; but she proceeds to annul this justification by dividing her volume into four parts, to one of which the title "Love Songs" is inapplicable. This want of logic may serve to prove that Miss Teasdale is a woman—and a poet; but for her friends, who embrace all her acquaintance, no proof of either thesis was required. In the sex matter, indeed, her properties are twofold: the fineness is womanly, but the steadiness is masculine; she supplies the throb without the quiver. The difference between her emotion and that of the ordinary poet is the difference between distillation and ferment. Its quality is strange in the romantic sense of the word; it is a wild sweetness, a rebellious gentleness, that she discovers. Sara Teasdale is no more dove than she is hawk; she is rather petrel. Or, if we ask folklore rather than bird-lore for a simile, I think that her heart, like Maire Bruin's in Mr. Yeats's play, is divided between Shawn and the fairies; I am not sure that she does not prefer either to the cross.

Her instinct is to extract and concentre; her method to reduce and simplify. For metre, the hymn or ballad stanza will suffice; for length eight or twelve lines will serve, serve better than more; for diction she is content with the sparse and the short. Even the quilting which the adjective supplies can be dispensed with. Her very figures, if good, are often less good than her literalities; for instance:

The world is tired; the year is old,
The fading leaves are glad to die,
The wind goes shivering with cold
Where the brown reeds are dry.

Observe the volume in littleness, the affluence in destitution, of the unfigurative line. In phrases where the bare word records the bare fact—in a technique drawing close to the technique of entry, the technique of bulletin, the passion and poetry of this writer culminate. The method as method is not new—it scarcely differs from Heine's; but for the moment, with us, it has become Miss Teasdale's *property*, as an assessor or even as a logician would understand that term.

I sang a song at dusking time
Beneath the evening star,
And Terence left his latest rhyme
To answer from afar.

Pierrot laid down his lute to weep,
And sighed, "She sings for me."
But Colin slept a careless sleep
Beneath an apple tree.

On pages 72 and 90 Miss Teasdale misuses her "will" and "would" with the serenity of a Philistine. Solecism may be conceded to the poetaster; in Sara Teasdale it affects me like blasphemy in an archbishop.

The virtue of the Teasdale method in an author of less ability, though of real ability, is illustrated in Miss Jessie Rittenhouse's blue-frocked "Door of Dreams." On the side of insight and succinct finalities, she scarcely yields to Miss Teasdale; it is in freight of emotion and artistic pilotage that she falls short. Miss Rittenhouse's epigrams sparkle; Miss Teasdale's palpitate. Yet passion is audible perhaps in the following excellent quatrain;

And now I go on hearing
The words you did not say,
And the kiss you did not give me
Burns on my lips to-day.

Better yet is the kingly lament of lines like:

We were not great enough for Love, the Vision,
And love, the flame, has swept us and burned out!

The method on the whole approves itself. The strokes are few, but the resulting punctures are not only relatively but absolutely many. Give me the gamester among poems —the poem that stakes its fortune on a phrase!

Miss Marion Smith's volume is one of those celestial apparitions which trouble the onlooker with the question whether they will vanish like comets and kindred prodi-

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gies or resolve themselves into the steadfast lustre of the "final star." The book contains scarcely one jarring or prosaic line—a rarity hardly matchable in the elder practice, and scarcely one line chargeable to obscurity or bad taste—a record that might provoke the envy or the scorn of the unchastened juniors in the art. The mere determination evinced in these facts has a species of magnificence. Miss Smith, moreover, has phrase, has purpose, has feeling, has bravery; she seems, like Browning's populace, to cry to the reader, half stooping under her bounties, "And afterward, what else?" Here are four stanzas from "Night Song":

Come, my soul, and to thy fastness
Flee away;
Close the shadowy doors of silence
On the day.

Come, and let all hope and passion
Fall to rest;
Let the sphinx of midnight fold thee
To her breast:

She whose ears no moan nor murmur
Ever reach,
And whose lips are closed to question
And to speech;

She whose eyes are as the brooding
Lights of fate,
And whose silence to thy sorrow
Answers—Wait!

This is beauty. The *mood,* like all Miss Smith's moods, is an inheritance, and while I bear in mind that heirship is sometimes synonymous with fortune, I feel that a civilization rather than a personality is articulate in this book. Another point wakens a misgiving. Miss Smith's poems have an effect of being crowded; a supreme artist supplies room as well as contents for the imagination. Her phrases do not stand out, even where, as in the reference to Belgium ("Her kingdom is the heart of all the world"), their worthiness to stand out is incontestable.

Half-way through Miss Smith's volume I thought of a line of Keats: "Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight," and was half-ready to say that the flight in her case stopped at the tiptoeing, that the flower never quite passed into the butterfly. Of her work in the mass this may be true, but sometimes the petals are hardly to be told from wings, and, after all, sweet peas, as sweet peas, are enticing.

The personal note that I miss in Miss Smith's consummate verse is discernible in Miss Wyatt's less satisfactory "Wind in the Corn." The adjective Wyattesque would have a meaning. Her formula is aroma plus schedule. Having fallen upon an aroma which is truly, though not stirringly, poetic, she proceeds to construct a poem by listing the particulars in which that fragrance is discoverable. The repetition of verses is conspicuous in her work; like Browning's thrush, she sings each song twice over. Like the thrush, she has melody and little else. A deeper note is perceptible in a beautiful simile in "An Unknown Country" in which the soul in sleep is compared to the mermaid-wife revisiting the forsaken ocean:

Down dreamless paths unguessed, beyond the sense's powers,
Beyond the breath of fragrance, sound, and light,
As once through crystal unremembered hours
The mermaid dived who loved a mortal knight,
Far forth—far forth
Beyond the South or North,
Past all the compassed ways the day has shown,
To live divine and deep at night down roads of sleep,
In citadels unknown.

Miss Wyatt's faults trouble me less by their gravity—though they are grave—than by their inappositeness, their foreignness to her quality and gift. An artist's faults should be the kindred of his virtues; one expects to be victimized by one's kin. But Miss Wyatt's obscurities, mannerisms, and affectations consort ill with the obviousness of her methods and with the kind of innocence which might, according to circumstances, appease a lion or enrage a dove.

Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay is a seeker after poignancies. Her success varies—I am half-disposed to say that it varies inversely with her endeavor—but its best is very good. The following lines penetrate like a wind:

I cannot but remember
When the year grows old—
October—November—
How she disliked the cold!

It is where the passion is over-said that one guesses it is under-felt. Miss Millay's gripe I can elude; it is her touch that is unescapable. I remain calm before the intensities of "Interim" and "God's World," but in the pensive and fanciful mood of "Tavern" and "The Little Ghost" she has her way with me. She can write a beautiful sonnet, as the second in the series clearly demonstrates, and her address in the conduct of "The Suicide" is extraordinary.

Miss Katharine Howard has done very well in "The Little God," which is the pseudonym of a little boy. An age which regards gods as childish makes its children divine. I think I prefer Miss Howard's child even to Stevenson's dapper little conventionalist, destined, as one sometimes feels, to grow up into that half-fabulous Daniel Deronda whom Stevenson so cordially reviled. In all pictures of oddity in children or adults, the freckles count less than the vitality of which they are the offspring and the symptom. The chubby little fist of Miss Howard's boy closes firmly on the round ball of the bluff, stupid, not unkindly world. I am not sure, however, that I like him best when Miss Howard lets the ages prattle through his mouth.

Emotion in Miss Caroline Giltinan has warmth, but is at the same time tense and frail. She should add steadiness to fervor; to twitch is often to tear.

Miss Marie Tudor, masterful as her name, smites her lyre with man-like vigor and bucolic roughness. Her didacticism is inveterate, but the poems are dusted with beauty.

Miss Proctor's renderings of orthodox but estimable feeling in orthodox but estimable verse are almost always agreeable and almost never impressive.

Miss Litchfield's "Song of the Sirens" is tasteful and competent. The author has fitted her task to her powers and her diligence to her task. She is excusable for not producing the kind of verse which, in a beautiful phrase of her own, "wrests the soul from its moorings."

Miss Marion Miller's "Return of Odysseus" purports to be a Greek play. I prefer to take my Greek plays from Athens, but if I must get them from Princeton, I could wish that the imitation were thorough and conscientious. If I embarked from England for Greece, I would not stop at Malta nor proceed to Cyprus: neither Malta nor Cyprus would compensate me for England. Miss Miller has produced a type of play that is neither original nor authoritative. There is almost no dialogue, almost no drama; the unity is the unity of a succession of vaudeville numbers;

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and two continuous acts are separated by a prose interlude —an expedient for which Miss Miller, who is strong on authorizations, has forborne to mention her authority. Miss Miller is a clever and an able woman, and her command of rhythmic and what I should describe as plastic verse is notable; but she is wholly theorist and largely impresario, and the adaptation of her work to the far-sought end of performance in *women's* colleges has resulted—with a kind of fitness—in *emasculation.* In her preface she follows the example of Thetis, and strives to make her offspring invulnerable to critical attack by immersing it, not in Styx, but in theory. But even Thetis was balked of her aim, and the oversights of goddesses may possibly have their modern parallels in those doctors of literature who replace them in our veneration.

Imagism in Fiction

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

PERHAPS no art is less impressionistic in its intention and technique than the art of the novelist. The sculptor may seize upon the gesture of a moment and eternalize it. The painter suggests nuances in color and decorative mass. Both the musician and the poet invest experience with the warm bold light of their imagination. But the fictionist, dealing less with momentary sorrow or excitement than these others and the playwright along with them, is forced to be almost scientifically exact in his processes: to examine, to delay, to analyze; to be, in short, not the artist possessed by his emotion, but the psychologist in his laboratory.

But as the psychologist finds himself ever more deeply concerned with the study of the unconscious, so the novelist becomes more and more engaged with the minutiæ of behavior and more and more careless of the drama of external events. The psychological novel as developed by Henry James and his disciples dealt with the play of character on character, with delicate ethical and æsthetic choices. When such treatment is carried to its ultimate conclusion, even that element of struggle is eliminated, and the thing reduces itself to the study of a personality which in its lack of dramatic violence verges on the subjective. At this point the novel approaches poetry. The novelist becomes a recorder of impressions. The period of fictional imagism is initiated.

How quietly this may occur is known to those few people who have witnessed its flowering within the past two years in the work of Dorothy M. Richardson. For the enthusiasm awakened by her remarkable production is almost in inverse ratio to the number of her admirers. It is perhaps natural that such work as this should be caviar to the general, but the recent publication of Miss Richardson's third volume* should invite a larger public to rejoice in her rare quality. Those who have read "Pointed Roofs" and "Backwater" will remember the strange and novel method which distinguished them. These were the first of a series which the author entitles "Pilgrimage," and their names are characteristically suggestive. The one evokes the cobbled charm of an old German town, the other the rather drab quality of a remote little English suburb.

For a significant feature of the author's technique is her double awareness of the influence of environment on a sensitive young person and withal of the girl's incorruptible spirit. There is no other word that conveys this immaterial and yet very real aspect of Miriam Henderson. One finds it in the presentment of her clear, keen sensations, not in any windy metaphysics, and is impressed more by Miriam's personality than by anything she feels or knows or does. One sees her first when, as a mere child of eighteen, she is suddenly faced with the need of earning her living. And she determinedly goes from the familiar happy comfort of her placid English home and her pleasant English family to act as pupil-teacher in a Hanover pension. This is in the nineties, when the self-dependent woman was the anomaly of the middle-class. One sees her last (the series has not yet been completed) in an ugly English seaside resort, where she has been trying to wean her mother from the melancholia of *l'age dangereux,* and where that pathetic woman has solved her problem by suicide. Yet neither the failure of Miriam's father, her own rigid independence, nor her mother's unhappy death seems of signal importance. It is the whole uninterrupted flow of her experience, the variety of her little contacts, and above all her integrity in reacting, that remains the most interesting thing.

In this latest volume one has her transplanted from the dull barrenness of a Putney boarding-school to the bright vari-colored atmosphere surrounding a wealthy English family, where she is the governess. Something of her acute percipience may be glimpsed in such a passage as this:

> What was the worldly life? The gay bright shimmering lunch, the many guests, the glitter of the table, mayonnaise red and green and yellow, delicate bright wines; strolling in the woods in the afternoon. . . . Tea, every one telling anecdotes of the afternoon's walk as if it were a sort of competition, great bursts of laughter and abrupt silences and then another story, the moments of laughter were something like those moments in church; whilst there was nothing but laughter in the room everybody was perfectly happy and good; everybody forgot everything and ran back somewhere; to the beginning, to the time when they were first looking at things, without troubling about anything. But when the laughter ceased every one ran away and the rest of their day together showed in a flash, an awful tunnel that would be filled with the echo of the separate footsteps unless more laughter could be made, to hide the sad helpless sounds. . . .

The secret of her seeking is her demand for reality. This Miriam who is so oddly attractive is actually a hater of people. She hates women for their smiling conformity; she hates men for their smooth impenetrability. She measures the stupid concessions of the feminine against the foolish vanity of the masculine and finds little to choose between them. But she adores books. And the reason for her sharp enjoyment of them is because in them she does get reality: she apprehends a person, without evasion, without pretence, and the person whom she apprehends is the writer. This discovery, that she cares more for books than for people, and the cause of her caring, is one of the clearest lights on Miriam Henderson. She is neither disdainful of the world and the flesh nor indifferent to them. She is not ignorant of the devil. But she wants her universe whole and she wants it immediately.

Miss Richardson's work has obviously the emphasized qualities of imagism: clarity, precision, the intense subjectivity of impressionism allied with the objectivity of the realist. For such an alliance is not only possible, but it is essential to valid writing. This is not, however, in any sense poetry; it is certainly not a prose poem. These volumes are distinguished by a fluency that eludes definition, a vitality that is at once original and naïve.

**Honeycomb.* By Dorothy Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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BOOKS

Vocational Needs and Problems

The Vocational Education of Girls. By Albert H. Leake. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

THIS book is in the nature of a reasoned survey and has to do with the education of girls for the practice of the household arts, for industries, and for the minor types of office work. The author is Inspector of Manual Training and Household Arts in the Province of Ontario, and on other grounds as well has the right to speak with authority. He emphasizes the pressing need for universal and better training of girls in the household arts, and finds that the present heavy governmental investments in such training show very inadequate results, little appreciable change being discovered in homes most needing to be benefited. On the contrary, the prejudice against school-taught home-making still runs high. More of the instruction based on common-sense which will, so far as possible, reproduce in the class equipment that is obtainable in the pupils' homes and more contact between mothers and teachers are strongly urged.

The most striking chapter in the book, The Boycott of the Kitchen, presents the maid's point of view on the ubiquitous question of domestic service. The mysterious privacy of this phase of the labor question, by right of which each mistress is her own lawmaker, independent of economic investigation and government control, seems to Mr. Leake entirely unwarranted. Further, he sees no solution of the long-standing problem except in a thoroughly businesslike and authoritative handling. He analyzes the prevailing reluctance to enter domestic service as growing out of the social stigma, the long and irregular hours, the lack of home comforts, the opportunities for larger freedom in other work, and the general fact that a girl is "willing to sell her work, but not her life." He recommends leagues both for housekeepers and for maids, so that they may work out the terms of just contracts and abide by them, as is done in other forms of business; and urges, also, that both housekeepers and maids go to school to learn household arts and effective coöperation in the home. He calls attention, too, to the surprising fact that the eight per cent. of families keeping maids in this democratic country of ours set housekeeping standards for the remaining ninety-two per cent. who do their own work; and that even under these conditions housework is a hundred years behind other industries in the application of labor-saving devices. His suggestion that husbands take time to teach their wives how to put their housekeeping on a more practical basis is entirely serious, whatever its potentialities for humor in this era of feminism. Women are, as Mr. Leake charges, unintelligently afraid of machinery and traditionally unable to keep it in order.

The author also ventures a vigorous and wholly justifiable attack on the typical business school, citing as representative the results of a widespread inquiry among Chicago employers as to the efficiency of school-trained office assistants. Their replies scored the schools for sending out people lacking in general intelligence, general education, personality, thoroughness, understanding of simple business methods, and even legible handwriting. Both public and private schools are included in the censure, but the latter incur heavier blame.

The book is a decidedly helpful contribution to educational progress presented in a style which will commend it to many readers, being clear, pithy, and unencumbered with technical phraseology. It should be said, however, that its author is too little concerned with the general development of the young girl's intelligence, or with giving her the general material of power. Nothing more significant in educational reactions has occurred in this twentieth century than that of the Workers' Educational Association of England in arraying itself against specialization before the age of sixteen and in emphasizing for its children general preparation for life, not vocational training.

The Flame Seeker

The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution. Reminiscences and Letters of Catherine Breshkovsky. Edited by Alice Stone Blackwell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $2 net.

FOR more than half a century one woman has typified the highest ideals of Russia. Catherine Breshkovsky is remarkably portrayed in the volume of reminiscences and letters gathered by Alice Stone Blackwell, who tells the incomparable story with something of "Babushka's" own simplicity. Since her girlhood, Breshkovskaya has been the inspiration of the multitudes among whom she has lived and worked. Though a child of the nobility, her sympathies were so deeply stirred by the wretchedness of the serfs and the contrast between their hardships and the idleness and luxury of the aristocrats in her own circle that she set about teaching the serfs on her father's estate. This was in the first great era of the Liberals; no revolutionary spirit had yet been kindled. Then came the emancipation of the serfs, followed by disillusionment and heartbreak, as the peasants were scourged off the land they had always tilled. The young enthusiast saw that teaching the peasant was not enough, and at nineteen she went to St. Petersburg to study reform and to learn for what economic and political changes the enlightened Liberals were working. Of this journey she writes:

> Into our compartment on the train came a handsome young prince returning from official duties in Siberia. For hours he discussed with me the problems that were rushing upon us. His words thrilled like fire. . . . That young prince was Peter Kropotkin.

Her early ventures at teaching the newly freed serfs and her wandering among them as a fellow-worker brought her into the ranks of those young enthusiasts, the "flame seekers," who "sought out those villages where a longing for freedom was already smouldering in the peasants' hearts, and tried to fan it into flame." Through her long life she has never ceased to be a flame seeker, through prison and exile, detecting always the dull spark of soul and waking it into life with tender hands and tireless breath. What wonder that the flame spread, under such guidance! And yet Breshkovskaya never sees herself as a leader, but as one of the countless workers for brotherhood. It is as a teacher that she has accomplished her mission, rather than as an organizer of revolution. She has taught love rather than violence.

> The longer I live the more I realize that the foundation of my being is an ardent and invincible love for the human race. This habit of living in human life as a whole has made me so

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associate myself with the universal psychology that I lose myself in it, and care little about my individual fate, which is not dear to me, once it is separated from the general course. . . .

Through all the stirring moments of her early disguises and narrow escapes, as she trudged from village to village, with her pack of dyestuffs (and liberal literature) on her back, one sees her sunny, loving nature, that everywhere made friends and found hearers because she herself was such a good listener. Then came the thrill of her arrest, though Catherine calmly finished munching her apple as she was taken away to her first prison. Years of imprisonment followed, solitary confinement, hard labor at the mines, exile in remote villages, vain and perilous escapes, horror on horror piling up for fifty years. And yet her spirit has never been caged.

> My life has been like a long journey. If an opportunity of personal happiness came to me, I took it only as I might pick a flower by the way. . . . A person who cares much for his own welfare is much more enervated and tired with the world than a person whose mind is dwelling on the questions that concern mankind as a whole. I don't mean that one can live like a machine, never hurt by the acridity of the atmosphere created by our silliness and ignorance, by the mischiefs that come over and over . . . but one can get the habit of struggling through all his existence and never being disappointed, never exhausted. . . . I myself have never experienced any disillusionment, for having in view the history of the past and the present of our race, taking into consideration the capacity of my soul to love without ceasing, and to wish to go on instructing, I understand that the tendency of our nature towards good is a gift inseparable from the character of man, and that all progress depends only upon seeing clearly, acquired by experience and knowledge. . . .

It is a great soul that after nearly two generations of the suffering of prison and the weariness of exile, of patient waiting, of continual burden-bearing for those weaker than herself, of daily tragedies and broken hopes, can still say, "I have never suffered disillusionment."

To us, watching eagerly from a distance, what a dramatic climax was that when the beloved "Babushka," the "little grandmother of the revolution," was triumphantly borne away from her remote cabin of exile, escorted in honor across Siberia, carried through the towns by the soldiers, and established in the Winter Palace itself. But to Catherine Breshkovsky it was merely another chance for service. She found that "palaces and prisons were much alike," and the people still needed education. She wrote:

> How can we expect to get the people ready to accept new forms of sociability, forms which demand a quite new and very accomplished conception of life and mutual relations, without preparing them for it? It is a great mistake to think that the human mind is ready to accept and digest every new conception or idea, without having learned long in advance to understand it and to embody it. . . . The new history must make all the nations members of one family. The better these members are prepared for a reasonable and brotherly life, the better they understand the reciprocity of their mutual interests, the better they know each other's customs, history, and civilization, the surer and deeper will be their friendship, the stronger will be the ties that unite them. . . . Happen what may, I shall always believe in the coming of progress, mental as well as moral, and in the capacity of my country and my dear people to go forward.

In the tumult of these last months, Babushka's voice has not been heard (her last letter was dated June, 1917), and her exact whereabouts are unknown to her friends in this country. But whatever personal misfortune may have befallen her, the flame of her soul lights our faith for Russia.

Some Current Stories by Women

The Red Cross Barge. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Outrage. By Annie Vivanti Chartres. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Fanatic or Christian: A Story of the Pennsylvania Dutch. By Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The Threshold. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The Toll of the Road. By Marion Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Making Her His Wife. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Nobody's Child. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

AMONG the score or more of new novels by women on our shelves, there is none of marked power or distinction. Some of them are interesting as an index of tendencies. Most of them show serious effort, and a few have elements of vigor. "The Red Cross Barge" and "The Outrage" interpret in different ways the German terror as women have had to face it on the western front. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is always fond of thrills and even horrors, but they must not be too real and devastating. They must never actually assume control of the reader spectator's sensibilities or menace his peace of mind. We are sure, accordingly, from our first moment of meeting with the pretty French Red Cross nurse of this tale, that, surrounded by victorious Germans though she is and threatened by all the malign chances of her situation, we need not very seriously worry about her. Our confidence in the story-teller is justified. There are bad moments to be weathered, but, so far as our heroine is concerned, atrocity remains in the offing. Under the sentimental ægis of her author she comes through unscathed. We are even to see her deeply and harmlessly loved by a good army doctor of the invading enemy. It is as well for the situation that he gets blown up in the end, at the hour when the ruins of our heroine's countryside are being retaken by her own people. Mrs. Chartres has undertaken a far more difficult thing: to bring before us without flinching such an atrocity as we commonly, in self-defence, try to dispose of as "unspeakable"; and to wring from it some sort of meaning for the present and the future. What does life hold for these innocent women and children who have suffered the unspeakable at the hands of the invader? It is a question that rankles and mocks at the back of every man's consciousness. Here is a writer who tries to answer it. She pictures three Belgians among the first victims of the German brutality—of the "higher orders" that had bidden the setting of the "German seal" on the invaded land. They are a young wife, her girl-child, and her sister-in-law of eighteen. The man of the house, a physician, is with the army. The Germans come; the two delicate women are brutally abused and violated by officers almost before the eyes of the child. In the morning the three are left behind by the Beast, sweeping onward towards Paris. . . . They become refugees in England. Both women are pregnant and the child is mad. The wife chooses to rid herself of the enemy which has taken possession of her. The girl, who has a sweetheart in the Belgian army, has nevertheless

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been won to motherhood. Her instinct to protect and love the fruit of her body is roused at the first moment of her knowledge. That instinct survives her sister's enmity, the contempt of the world, the repudiation of her lover. She bears her child and cherishes it; and by the mere example of her devotion begins the healing of the two who have shared "the outrage" and its blasting effects. A sentimental solution, you say—what other, the author seems to retort gently, can be found this side of Tophet or Bedlam?

"The Threshold" and "Fanatic or Christian" may be called industrial romances in the feminine manner: earnest, emotional, and ready with specifics. In Mrs. Martin's story, to be sure, it is all pretty vague; perhaps the industrial motive is hardly more than a means of bringing out her favorite contrast between the modern enlightened spirit and the grubby egotism of the "Pennsylvania Dutchman." The Swartzes of New Munich are mill-owners—widow and two grown daughters of a man who has made his start in dubious ways and pushed his way to wealth. The mother remains an ignorant, good-hearted peasant. The elder daughter has beauty and good manners, but a mean and selfish nature. The younger, Gertrude, has had her way in going to college, and there has acquired a sense of the dignity and rights of the worker and the shame of a parasitic "capital." She is to find her mate in the one-time affianced of the selfish sister, a lawyer who has also turned his face against the tyranny of the employer. Together they set forth on their conquest of injustice—a simple enterprise for those who believe that injustice and tyranny are monopolies of Capital, and that Labor merely beholds them with horror from afar. "The Threshold" tells the story of one Joan Babcock, a daughter of mill-hands who earns her college course, and emerges from it a beautiful and accomplished and somewhat complacent damsel errant, confident that she sees what the wrongs of her world are, and that she can right them. Fate and the author at once furnish an opportunity by giving her the odd post of household companion to two rich males, the Farwells of Farwell. There is Dick, a boy of seventeen, and there is his Uncle Gregory. Gregory Farwell is the sort of man women writers announce as aristocrats to their finger-tips and describe as pompous and empty-headed bores. Gregory is always priding himself on his remoteness from the common world and bragging of his æsthetic superiority to the common ruck. He does not know how the Farwell mills are managed, and does not intend to know. There is our situation. Joan's task evidently is to make an industrial apostle of Dick, start ructions in the mills, and after much excitement of strikes, fires, riots, and what-not, to convert the egregious Gregory and marry him to the salvation of the race.

"The Toll of the Road" and "Making Her His Wife" deal with the perennial question of woman's "sphere"—with the question, at least, as to where her happiness lies. Granting that she has the right to live her own life, to express herself fully, and so on, the problem remains whether wifehood and motherhood are not still pretty well in the foreground. "The Toll of the Road" does not profess to solve it; in fact, it deliberately "leaves us guessing," having brought matters to a sort of Lady or Tiger dilemma. It is the tale (once again) of the pretty village girl who is caught up into the the theatrical life, and of her experiences and associates, on the "road" and elsewhere. She has left a worthy and disagreeable fiancé at home and becomes sentimentally involved with the beautiful leading man of her company; and the question at the end is which of them she will choose and which of them will make her the more miserable. The merit of the story lies in its stage scenes and portraits, at which this story-teller, drawing from the life, is uncommonly good. "Making Her His Wife" is, we fear, more than a little reactionary. It begins with a situation such as Mrs. Martin has more than once employed—the marriage of a brilliant city belle to a rustic. But instead of resulting, as it ought to according to the best current usage, either in the subjugation and reform of the husband, or in the wife's successful revolt and escape, it brings us out frankly on the old-fashioned landing-place of woman tamed by her superior, man. Our rustic Orson is also on his part roused and inspired to do great things for his lady's sake. And, alas for "real life," we are even led to infer that after this adjustment the pair threaten to be tolerably happy ever after!

"Nobody's Child" is overtly a romance, in an American setting as picturesque as any that we now have, a Southern countryside in which the old traditions and social classifications still linger. Fox-Ridge has its aristocracy in the Westmores and the other families of large estate, with their Hunt Club and their inbred type. Beneath them, but well above the level of the poor whites, are the smaller farmers, like the Pennimans. Between the Westmores and the Pennimans there has long been a bitter though thus far bloodless feud. This is the tale of its culmination and ending.

Dante's Ladies

The Ladies of Dante's Lyrics. By Charles H. Grandgent. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.35 net.

THE lectures contained in this volume were delivered in Cleveland in 1917 upon the McBride foundation. They were thus intended for a general audience, and embody a pleasant humanizing of Dantesque knowledge and opinion.

The love of Beatrice, unique in the Divine Comedy, dominates, though less completely, the lyric verse of Dante. To Beatrice, indeed, Dante gave the tribute of many lyrics enshrined in the *Vita nuova*, together with a few that remain among the *Rime*. But not all the poems of the "New Life" were written for Beatrice, and the majority of those that appear elsewhere were written for other ladies, real or unreal. Two women other than Beatrice deeply stirred Dante's feeling and his poetic impulse: the "Lady of the Window" and the "Pietra" of the *sestine*. Other ladies still won verse, from sentiment or courtesy.

The lyrics of the *Rime*, in general, bear no inscription; their reference is doubtful in many cases. Mr. Grandgent groups them, with the lyrics of the *Vita nuova* and the *Convivio*, under five names: Violetta, Matelda, Pietra, Beatrice, and Lisetta. In each lecture one of these groups of poems is discussed, with abundant new verse translations, faithful and sensitive, which constitute the main charm of the book.

One poem only, a dainty ballad, bears the name of Violetta; another flower-ballad is so like as to suggest reference to the same lady—who was very possibly one of the two "screen-ladies" of the *Vita nuova*. But Mr. Grandgent's opening chapter, though it begins with the first *ballata* and ends with the other, is really concerned in tracing and illustrating the development of the poetic conception of love from the troubadours, through the Sicilians,

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to those "sober, earnest, God-fearing" men of Bologna and Florence, the poets of the Sweet New Style, to whom we owe "some of the finest love poetry ever composed—poetry which attracts us still, by its soft beauty, by its spiritual tone, and by the air of mystery that pervades it."

Mr. Grandgent ventures the hypothesis that the companion of Beatrice whose death is recorded early in the *Vita nuova* is the original of the Matelda of the Earthly Paradise. The interest in this chapter shifts from the lyrics to the *Purgatorio*, and centres in the study of Dante's lovely forest-guide, the embodiment of "the joy of living when life is without sin."

The poems of the third group, "full of passion and mystery," are marked by the recurrence of the word *pietra*, by mention of mountains and of winter, and by extraordinary intricacy in artifice. Elsewhere Mr. Grandgent has called them "the most wildly beautiful lyrics in all amatory literature." They are like red wine in a goblet exquisitely fashioned. The translations in this chapter are remarkably successful, particularly that of the first *sestina*. As to the identity of Pietra Mr. Grandgent hazards no guess. Her reality he apparently does not doubt, though he begins the chapter with an admirable discussion of symbolism and allegory in Dante.

The thorough understanding of this same matter leads to a very just presentment of the truth of the *Vita nuova:*

> All these little incidents seem natural enough in themselves. . . . Yet something in the way of telling seems to shroud them in mystery, and we are left with an impression of unreality, wondering whether we are listening to fact or to fancy. This impression is, I think, due to two factors: to the author's discreet vagueness, which avoids precise indication of person, time, and place; and to his own underlying conviction of a mystic significance in everything that concerns Beatrice, a conviction that colors his language and leads him to emphasize coincidences and hidden meanings. It is this feature of his style that continually lures the reader in pursuit of an ever-vanishing allegory.

Mr. Grandgent would derive the constant association of Beatrice with the number nine from the chance that her name stood ninth in Dante's poetic list of the sixty loveliest ladies of Florence, and from the necessity of justifying this position when Dante came to the assertion of the constant primacy of Beatrice. We cannot be sure, however, that the ninth place in the *serventese* was less honorable than the first. Furthermore—and this we believe has not been noted—Dante was himself, upon the showing of the *Vita nuova*, as much a nine as Beatrice! The nines he emphasizes concern his own experience even more than hers. Is not Dante quietly giving us to understand that he regarded himself as possessed, *virtualmente*, of a divine mission?

Mr. Grandgent terms the mocking of Beatrice an event "more disastrous than the denial of the salutation." This seems hardly consonant with the intent of Dante. By explicit emphasis and by distinctive use of the words *materia nuova*—in Chapters XVII and XXXI—he divides the "New Life" into three parts: Selfish Love, Unselfish Love, Love after Death. And the purpose of Dante's love in its first phase was precisely "the greeting of this lady." The denial of the salutation, never regained, is indeed the first tragedy of the *Vita nuova*, a tragedy as significant, in the inner life of Dante, as the death of Beatrice itself.

Mr. Grandgent's closing lecture plausibly suggests the identification of the Lisetta of Sonnet XLIV with the "Lady of the Window"; and traces, again with a keen understanding of the allegoristic tendency, the course of this devotion from its initial comfort in the sympathy of a very real lady to its last stage in the praises of philosophy. We should have welcomed a complete translation of "the crowning poem of the series," *Amor che nella mente mi ragiona*, a poem as full of the exaltation of the *dolce stile* as any written for Beatrice. This was the poem sung, while the new-come spirits stood in rapt attention, that Easter morning on the shores of Purgatory.

Woman and Her New Vote

The A B C of Voting. By Marion B. Cothren. New York: The Century Company. 60 cents.

The Woman Voter's Manual. By Samuel E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler. New York: The Century Company. $1 net.

Your Vote and How to Use It. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. New York: Harper & Brothers. 75 cents net.

Women and the Franchise. By Josephine Schain. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 60 cents net.

Use Your Government. By Alissa Franc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

IN an introduction which she contributes to "The Woman Voter's Manual" Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says:

> As emergent voters the women of America are to-day facing the same fundamental questions as to the new responsibility as are the young American man of twenty-one and the immigrant. . . . A prime difference in the three cases is that the woman is asking all the questions that the other two ought to ask but do not. . . . Having fought for the suffrage, the fight has informed woman with a special sense of the value in the thing fought for, and a special desire fully to understand it.

The questions are answered for all inquiring minds and in styles to suit almost all tastes in four volumes. "The A B C of Voting," by Marion B. Cothren, is a manual as straightforward and elementary as its title. Mrs. Cothren, a member of the New York bar and for five years vice-chairman of the Woman Suffrage Party of Brooklyn, has apparently carried over into the days of her enfranchisement no acid recollections from the days when it was denied her. Confidently, step by step, she leads the new voter to her polling place, having first duly registered her, and introduces her to the assortment of clerks, inspectors, watchers, and ballot boxes there installed. And from that neighborly beginning she transports her to Albany and Washington, takes her to court, to the receipt of customs, and to the place of disbursement of the same. The hundred and fifteen pages of her little book are crammed with information which every voter should have as completely assimilated as the multiplication table; and they are reinforced by maps and diagrams that even more briefly convey a great many vital facts.

To a student who would like to delve a little more deeply into the organization of the United States Government, "The Voter's Manual," by Samuel E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler, will probably appeal. It is a good deal more than a primer, and it embraces the whole Federal scheme instead of merely New York State's, but it makes no attempt at a discussion of the philosophy of politics. It is a brief and what one might call a sexless compendium of facts, which the young man whose enfranchisement comes to him, as Mrs. Catt says, with his moustache, might find himself read-

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ing without the scorching knowledge that it was written primarily for his sister. This is not true of either Mrs. Raymond Brown's "Your Vote and How to Use It" or "Woman and the Franchise," by Josephine Schain.

Mrs. Brown's book is written with the deliberate aim of relating the unenfranchised woman's past life, occupations, and interests with the enfranchised woman's present and future life, occupations, and interests. She not only explains in detail the function and the method of government, but she also makes clear woman's unescapable connection with it. Miss Schain's book was not, it would appear, published for New York readers. It is suffrage propaganda of the old-fashioned sort, the long tale of woman's wrongs under the repressive domination of the cruel or uncomprehending male. She argues quite logically that woman should be freed of that tyranny and allowed a voice in her own management. But although New York has happily yielded to those arguments, or others more modern, there still remain sections of the country where they may be found useful.

Reading Miss Schain's book, which already seems quaint, so rapidly is the world changing for women and perhaps especially for enfranchised women, one cannot but be struck by the reflection that if the human reaction to any set of hardships were that which their historian implies as fitting, the race must have perished from the earth long ago.

These volumes all bear the implication of work on the part of women—government is something they must learn, something they must take their share in making. But to rest them when that conception seems too burdensome, there is another book, by a fifth woman, "Use Your Government," by Alissa Franc. It bears the sub-title "What Your Government Does for *You*," and you is defined as being man or business, farmer, exporter, home-maker, schoolboy or schoolgirl. The state in Miss Franc's presentation of it is not concerned so much with governing as with assisting its citizens in their enterprises. Of particular interest to women is the section devoted to woman in her home, in which are described the investigations made and the bulletins and pamphlets issued on foods, drugs, water, and on the family health, especially that of children. It describes also the bureau which has recently grown to such great proportions and such usefulness, the Women's Division of the Employment Bureau of the Department of Labor.

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Notes

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce for publication shortly a group of books planned and written to assist in teaching children what the war means. The series will include: "My Country's Voice," by Frances Nimmo Greene; "My Country's Part," by Mary Synon; "Our Patriots," by Wilbur F. Gordy. This firm will also publish shortly, under the direction of the National Board of Historical Service: "A War Reader"; "A French War Reader."

CATHERINE MARSH was a devout member of the Church of England; she had no thought, no concern, save for religion. She was filled with missionary zeal which led her, not on far journeys to convert the heathen, but to the distribution at home of the Bible and her own works. She had friends and correspondents among the Victorians of distinction. She breakfasted and corresponded with Gladstone, she was intimate with Froude, she held close relations with Florence Nightingale and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. An account of her life and spiritual labors given in a short monograph might have made us see in her a Victorian Gertrude or Theresa. Kept within judicious bounds, her biography might have added an interesting page, if not chapter, to our records of the Victorian period. But her biographer, L. E. O'Rorke, in excess of devotion, has stretched out the story of her life, "The Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh" (Longmans, Green; $3.75), to four hundred closely printed pages. We follow her year by year, month by month, almost day by day, until her visits to sailors, soldiers, and navvies, her prayer-meetings, her spiritual exhortations, her letters crammed with texts, become tedious in the repetition. Even to Gladstone she wrote sermons rather than letters. In the end, we begin to ask in weariness, as a friend once asked in admiration: "Did she always speak to people about religion?" There was little else in her life to tell. It was spent mostly in comfortable English vicarages. The pleasant vicarage gardens (of which photographs are given) have the same Victorian respectability as her wide-flowing skirts which, in her portraits, remind one somehow of that other Victorian heroine, Florence Nightingale, and the precision with which she holds up the train of her gown in the statue erected in her honor in Waterloo Place. However, the life of Catherine Marsh was devoted in all sincerity to good as she understood it, and a more experienced, less zealous biographer, with a talent for leaving out, might have made us feel its devotion and given us a sense of its spiritual adventure.

THE story of "Six Women and the Invasion" is an account by Gabrielle and Marguerite Yerta (Macmillan; $2 net) of the experiences, since the war began, of a delightful French family of the provinces, and involves the mother, wife, and four sisters of a French officer. It is a story inevitably full of things which make for grief, but it carries a certain spiritual fearlessness and youthful resolution to be happy which give it an undertone of triumph. Rendered into our less vibrant English by a translator evidently not able to bring over the French sense of style, the phrasing lapses now and then into flatness; but the author's power of seeing and reporting vividly is marked, and the book is full of simple, sincere detail, of delicate spiritual perception, at times half

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mystical, and of a surprising fairmindedness to the German invaders. But our chief debt to it is perhaps for its genial humor, when so many books give us the grief and horror of the war. Such descriptions as that of the old woman in tears over the loss of her merry-go-round, the tomtit, twittering in the woods near Morny: "Sol, mi, mi . . . sol, mi, mi . . . you must never trust any one . . . sol, mi, mi . . . and still less the Germans . . . sol, mi, mi," give us the relief of a smile.

A VIVID picture of what war inevitably means to the defeated is presented in "A Woman's Wartime Journal," by Dolly Sumner Lunt (Century; 60 cents), an authentic record full of the simple, graphic details that make women's letters and diaries so convincingly matter-of-fact. One reads here of the enemy robbing "every house on the road of its provisions, sometimes taking every piece of meat, blankets, wearing apparel, silver, and arms of every description. They would take silk dresses and put them under their saddles, and many other things for which they had no use." The author tells of the "fiends" plundering cabins, burning down mills, driving away all the live stock; stealing the savings of the servants and their best clothes; riding through fields, tearing down fences, wantonly destroying property of every description, and finishing their work by setting fire to a neighbor's house. She quotes this neighbor's heartfelt comment "that she could think of nothing else all day when the army was passing but of the devil and his hosts." Her own feelings are summed up succinctly: "This ended the passing of Sherman's army by my place, leaving me poorer by thirty thousand dollars than I was yesterday morning. And a much stronger Rebel!" The author of these interesting records was a New Englander, a relative of Charles Sumner, brought up in the heart of the abolitionist country, who married Thomas Burge, a gentleman of the Old South, and who as a widow, with her little daughter and a hundred slaves, was living on her Georgian plantation when Sherman devastated the country from Atlanta to the sea in obedience to military necessity. Mr. Julian Street in his recent voyage of discovery of the South unearthed this unvarnished tale of what happened fifty-four years ago in that campaign of deliberate destruction that in Georgia alone was measured at one hundred millions by Sherman himself. It was necessary to break the enemy in order to end the war and—*c'est la guerre*.

WHILE there is a complete and useful account of the last three years' progress in England in "Women and War Work" (G. Arnold Shaw; $1.50), by Helen Fraser, there is also the assumed sprightliness that frequently affects the literary style of social workers. This is quite in keeping, however, with the sprightliness of the typography, which is a law unto itself. Although the woman's movement in England is a thing to which we heartily subscribe, there is a certain self-consciousness about its progress and its chronicling. Miss Fraser's book is for the moment valuable in bringing together the loose mass of material that existed heretofore in scattered and inaccessible English publications. Here the nurses, the munition workers, the W. A. A. C.'s, the Land Army, the V. A. D., and the industrial workers all receive their share of comment; we have accounts as well of the effect of war work upon women and of the measures taken for their well-being, as well as a chapter on reconstruction.

FEMINISM in England and America has followed such different paths that it is particularly interesting to find the leading English representatives of the movement formulating a definite feminist policy and suggesting a tentative programme in "The Making of Women," Oxford Essays in Feminism by A. Maude Royden and others, edited by Victor Gollancz (Macmillan; $1.60). Mr. Gollancz in his "Introduction" points out that the two greatest obstacles in the way of a fuller life of creative activity for humanity are the modern industrial system and the position of women, and emphasizes that the object of feminism is to attain the best life possible for the great mass of women in order to make the best life possible for all humanity. In "Modern Love" and "The Future of the Woman's Movement," by A. Maude Royden; "Women Enfranchised," by Ralph Rooper; "The Remuneration of Women's Services," by Eleanor F. Rathbone; and "Education," by Elinor Burns, the vexed problems of the evils of present-day marriage, the conflicting claims of economic independence and motherhood, the endowment of motherhood, the industrial and professional workers' wages, and the education of women for work and for life are discussed with a sanity and breadth of view as disconcerting to doctrinaire radicals as to narrow suffragists who fail to see that the winning of the vote alone will be of little practical value to women. Mr. Victor Gollancz in his "Conclusion" sums up the practical philosophy of his group in insisting on the importance of motherhood to the race and the importance of education for some definite purpose for every individual. The two immediate reforms to be achieved are, therefore, the endowment of motherhood by the state and the establishment of an educational programme for training every girl for some industry or profession at the earliest possible age. Feminism can then proceed with its wider policy of helping on the triumph of progressive humanity by "the defeat of the capitalist and his press," the overthrow of bureaucrats and respectable hypocrisy, and the establishment of the dignity of labor as a fact and not a myth. As an expression of liberal, informed, creative feminist thought, explained with clearness and vigor, this book is a valuable contribution to a subject that in America is still imperfectly represented.

BY issuing a booklet on "Opportunities for Women in the Municipal Civil Service of the City of New York," the Bureau of Intercollegiate Occupations has rendered material aid to women who wish to know about careers in public employment and to educational advisers distracted by the eternal question, "What can I do?" In this little volume will be found a clear and concise account of the organization of the New York municipal service, an explanation of the steps in the process of admission from application to appointment, and an informing description of the desirable positions open to women—inspectional, investigational, professional, scientific, clerical, institutional, and social service. The analysis is well done and gives just the facts which the aspirant for a post in the public service needs for guidance. The concluding chapters contain many wise and pertinent reflections on the attractions and vicissitudes of a worth-while career in public employment. The volume as a whole is a genuine contribution to the growing literature of vocational direction, a sign of woman's widening interest in public affairs, and proof that the Intercollegiate Bureau is at work along right lines. The more, the better.

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Art and Women

By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

IF, until recent years, there were no women physicians, if in most countries there are still no women lawyers, the reason is simple. The ability may have been there always, but not the chance to develop or use it. Why the woman artist has been rare is not so easy to explain. The hindrances in her path certainly have been less.

We know from Dürer's wife selling his prints in the market-place, from Saskia posing for Rembrandt—only one of many artists' wives to render their husbands the same service—that women were not banished in the past from the studio and the workshop, where, no doubt, a training would have been theirs had their genius imperatively called for it. But from the Louvre to the Uffizi, from the Prado to the Rijks, you may look in vain for a woman to rival Velasquez as portrait painter, or Tintoretto as decorator, or Michelangelo as sculptor, or Rembrandt as etcher — or rather, you may look in vain for almost any woman at all. We know, too, that there was no social commandment forbidding her the right to paint or model or etch if she could. Indeed, when the ladylike virtues were most at a premium, art was never included among the unladylike vices. To dabble in paint was a polite accomplishment for the ladies initiated into their "Whole Duty" by the omniscient Hannah Woolley in the late seventeenth century and her followers in the eighteenth. The accomplished housewife, after she had passed triumphantly through kitchen and stillroom and sickroom and nursery, after she had finished her day's needlework and embroidery and gardening, was encouraged to devote the leisure left over to producing a feminine masterpiece with her brushes and paint and canvas. And if the desire to turn a pastime into an occupation had ever seized her, no doubt she could have obtained a more serious training than the authorities on Polite Behavior in a Female could give. One of the grievances of women artists in England to-day is that they are shut out from membership in the Royal Academy, though two women were included in the original list: Mary Moser, now forgotten, and Angelica Kaufmann, better remembered for no special merit in her work, but because she was a conspicuous personage in her generation and because a ceiling she decorated survived in a delightful old corner of London and found its way into Baedeker. If these two women could adopt art as a profession and succeed so well as to be made Royal Academicians and receive important commissions, other women could surely have had the same chance had they possessed as much as the same slight talent. But Mary Moser and Angelica Kaufmann had no successors in England until more modern times, and no competitors anywhere except Madame Vigée Le Brun in France. The Frenchwoman was a better artist, craftsmanship in France ranking higher than in England, and the training to acquire it being there esteemed a necessity even for a woman. But I doubt if there are many people who without consulting a book of reference could say exactly what Madame Vigée Le Brun had done beyond painting that charming, well-known portrait of herself and her daughter.

Between her and Rosa Bonheur I can remember no woman to fill the gap. Rosa Bonheur was a woman of unusually masculine physique and temperament, and something of this virility is in her work. She was not afraid of a big canvas or of a big subject. That a woman should want to paint cattle and deer and horses was enough to bring her into the limelight. That she could paint them with the exactness of a photograph and get her pictures into museums insured her popularity among her contemporaries, and no woman artist ever enjoyed a greater success. And yet to-day even less than Madame Vigée Le Brun would she be ranked among the masters. We see her overshadowed by two younger women who could not compete with her in popularity. One was Berthe Morisot, scarcely known, but an artist. She was closely associated with the Impressionists, and so studied in a good school. What she did was a reëcho of the right thing intelligently understood. Her most ardent admirer, however, would not claim for her originality. She was surpassed by Mary Cassatt, pupil of Degas, as closely identified with the Impressionist group. Miss Cassatt had the same advantage of studying in a good school, thus getting a sound training, and the artistic sense to understand that it was an advantage. She is the disciple, not the prophet, but an artist in all she does, and a fine craftsman. She works as a man works.

Mary Cassatt belongs to the second half of the nineteenth century. When she began to work, women artists were few. Now they are numbered by the hundreds, by the thousands. The schools everywhere are as open to them as to men. They can brave the Latin Quarter without danger to their reputation. American scholarships send them to Paris, American philanthropists arrange for them while they are there, sparing them the incentive of struggle, cloistering them so well that they know as little of Paris when they leave as if they had never strayed from Kalamazoo or Oshkosh. Societies of women artists are many; so are their exhibitions. The Salons of Paris, the Academy, the International, and other galleries of London welcome the work of women to their walls. But the world still waits for the woman genius. I can recall many French women among the exhibitors, but not one who equals the most distinguished of the men with whom all must there compete. The Brooklyn Museum is just now showing the interesting collection, retrospective and contemporary, organized by France for the San Francisco Exposition. Only one woman is included in the retrospective section, which dates no further back than 1870, and she is the widow of Fantin-Latour, whom few, save her friends, knew to be a painter. Six or seven are in the contemporary section, and their names are strange to me, though I have gone regularly to the Salons, year by year, for over a quarter of a century. Women have captured the schools and studies and the exhibitions, but they have scarcely as yet invaded the Luxemburg in greater numbers than the Louvre. It is not more promising in London. There are women who paint, illustrate, model, etc., women who exhibit, women whose work sells. But it is not women who redeem the Academy from commonplace, who gave the International its distinction during the short period of its greatness. I have been to most of the big international exhibitions in Europe for many years past, but in them I have seen no sign that Scandinavia, or Italy, or Spain, or Holland, or Belgium, or Germany has produced the woman who towers above the average, as an occasional man does, head and shoulders—or produced, for that matter, many who attain the average. Of America, I hesitate to speak. I have long lived away from my own country, and I have not yet had the opportunity I hope to have to study its art. I know that America has its women

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portrait painters, women mural decorators, women illustrators, women sculptors, and has been more generous than most countries in supplying them with commissions, with that definite purpose for work which is an inspiration in itself. But out of America, anyway, they have not yet been exalted to the heights with Whistler and Sargent and St. Gaudens and the illustrator Abbey.

However, if the rare exceptions exist in America, they are still the exceptions. They do not alter the facts. In the past hardly any women adopted art as a profession. During the last fifty years or so, they have rushed into art in crowds. And art is as unchanged by their rush as it was by their indifference. The many find in art a pleasanter way to make a living than by school-teaching or typewriting, which is as true, I am afraid, of many men. But these do not count. The few are serious, have studied seriously, work seriously, are workmanlike in what they do. They do count; but even from their midst has there arisen a creator, an originator?

As I said in the beginning, so I say at the end, it is hard to understand why women have accomplished so little in art. But the reason, when it is understood, may explain our true limitations as women better than any theory hitherto offered by the student of sex.

Women in Music To-day

By HENRY T. FINCK

AN amusing incident of the musical season now ending was a passionate debate by two famous prima donnas of the question whether there are any more great singers. Nellie Melba, who, at the age of fifty-nine, still sings beautifully, intimated that the real art of song was dying out with artists of her generation. This aroused the ire of Geraldine Farrar, who boasts only thirty-six summers. She pointed at Amelita Galli-Curci as a recent exemplar of real *bel canto,* and wrote an article for the *Evening Post* in which she explained that this generation has, moreover, developed a new and most interesting type of operatic artist which is "what the present-day audiences appear to enjoy the most"; a combination actor-singer with from fifty to eighty per cent. dramatic talent. It must be admitted that her own emotional and dramatic song, her art of acting with the voice, is a higher gift than that of rivalling a flute in rapid runs, which is what the general public admires most in Galli-Curci's singing.

This Italian colorature soprano has been overpraised. There are several American girls now on the stage who have more beautiful voices, and a vocal art excelling hers. Foremost among them are Lucy Gates, Mabel Garrison, and Hulda Laschanska, names destined to become as widely known as those of Nordica, Eames, and Farrar. Miss Gates is a granddaughter of Brigham Young; she has a voice of the most luscious quality, and all the instincts of a true artist. Nothing keeps her out of the Metropolitan Opera House but ill luck—the fact that two other sterling artists, Mabel Garrison and Maria Barrientos, got ahead of her. The concert field is a larger one, and there the public has the advantage of enjoying her rare art and that of Hulda Laschanska, who deliciously reminds one of her teacher, Marcella Sembrich. To the young Americans here named, and to Rosa Raisa, we may confidently look forward as the promising embodiments of a new era of beautiful singing.

It is a singular thing that while women singers have always been the equals of men, if not their superiors, on the concert and operatic stage—think of Jenny Lind, Patti, Nilsson, Lehmann, and a dozen others—they have fallen so short as composers of operas and other music. To this aspect of feminine psychology I have given much thought, but must confess that I cannot understand why composers of the fair sex have never produced a classical work—that is, one which has stood the test of time. It is not so in some of the other fine arts, or in literature and science; why should music be an exception?

Plenty of operas have been written by women, but none has had even a temporary success. In my forty years' critical experience I have heard only one symphony by a woman, and though it was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I was hugely delighted when at last it ended. With shorter musical forms women have been far more successful. Clara Schumann, Adele Aus der Ohe, and Cecile Chaminade have written charming piano pieces (but no sonatas), and much larger still is the number of good songs composed by women. The publishers receive more manuscripts from women than from men, and they report a large demand for the songs of Chaminade, Harriet Ware, Mabel Daniels, Mrs. Beach, Margaret R. Lang, Mary Turner Salter, Eleanor Everest Freer, Marion Bauer, and many others.

Two of the best pianists of the period, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and Katharine Goodson, did not play in New York this season. Among the twenty-one who did play here—out of a total of sixty-five pianists—were Tina Lerner, Yolanda Mérö, Ethel Leginska, and, in chamber music, Adele Margulies and Mrs. Mannes. To these names must be added that of Guiomar Novaes, who is probably the greatest pianist of her sex the world has ever heard, a divinely inspired artist who interprets the great masters as if each one in turn guided her telepathically.

Paderewski is the only pianist of the other sex who surpasses Miss Novaes. A similar distinction is enjoyed by another woman, Maud Powell, who is surpassed by only one violinist among the men—Fritz Kreisler; nor do I know of any violoncellist superior to May Mukle except Pablo Casals or Herman Sandby. So it is not only as opera singers, as generally supposed, that women rise to the top. For my own pleasure—and I am very hard to please—I would rather hear Maud Powell than any one of the bunch of young Russian violinists that have lately descended upon us. It is singular that among the thirty-five violinists heard here this season only three were of the fair sex: Maud Powell, Emily Gresser, and Marie Caslova. Kathleen Parlow, the Canadian, noted for her big tone, did not come over from England, her present home.

Now that women have become street-car conductors, why should they not conduct orchestras? At least two cities, Los Angeles and Boston, have feminine orchestras, and there are many in our colleges. Except as harpists, women have seldom been heard as members of our big orchestras, but they will doubtless be seen at the violin desks soon if the draft age advances for men, and perhaps as flutists, or performers on some other wood wind instruments. Audiences at all concerts will continue to show the importance of women in music; without them there would be no concerts. It is to be hoped that the women's clubs will continue to encourage the singers and players who are an even more vital necessity in war time than in times of peace.

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Drama

Women and the American Theatre

OUR feminized stage has long been anathema to the same critics that object to our ladylike literature. The indisputable eminence of women in acting, the preponderance of women in the audiences of to-day, are so striking that it requires an effort of the imagination to realize that not only were all the women's parts acted by boys in Shakespeare's day, but that no woman appeared on the English stage until after the Restoration and no lady appeared in the audience without the protection of a mask. Surely the whirligig of time has brought in her revenges. If man is still "The Whole Thing" in an androcentric civilization, in the theatre women have matters in their own hands. But the theatre is a complex institution, demanding an interchange and interplay of effort by playwright, performers, producer, and public. Not in all these fields are women of equal importance. Women playwrights on our American stage are few, and fewer still deserve serious consideration. Miss Rachel Crothers in length of service, professional equipment, and distinguished attainment is perhaps our characteristic woman dramatist, and represents, consciously and unconsciously, the American woman's point of view. Her first successful play, "The Three of Us," gave the deathblow to the cherished theatrical convention that a woman's honor must be fatally injured because she happens to be alone in a room with a man after sundown. In "A Man's World," she again championed her sex, and wrote a very good play on the theme of the double moral code. Last year she added to the joy of the theatre by presenting that humorous but searching study in feminine psychology, "Old Lady 31." This year she has been less fortunate. "Mother Carey's Chickens," written with Kate Douglas Wiggin, and "Once upon a Time," written for Mr. Chauncey Olcott, are appealing but unimportant little plays. Miss Clare Kummer, who flashed upon our delighted vision last season with that distinctive, scintillating, and whimsical comedy, "A Successful Calamity," also failed to repeat her success this year. Here is a woman dramatist of unusual promise in the field of polite comedy, whose skill of treatment, psychological subtlety, and fanciful humor are as captivating as her inverted logic and brilliantly inconsequential dialogue, but "The Rescuing Angel" carried irrelevance to absurdity.

Of other women playwrights who have accomplished good work in past years, Miss Margaret Mayo, creator of clever, sometimes vulgar, but not suggestive American farces, and Miss Eleanor Gates, whose originality and fantastic imagination in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" brought a new quality to our stage, have both been silent this season. A new writer of talent has appeared in Miss Susan Glaspell, whose one-act plays are distinctively feminine in their social satire, keen observation, and trenchant dialogue.

Woman's limited outlook on life, the first of the two great disabilities of the feminine playwright, is fast disappearing. Whether she can attain that mastery of structure in her art achieved by the best men dramatists depends in part on her willingness to discipline her gifts. Our women playwrights have succeeded in working out adroit situations, creating interesting and lifelike characters, writing brilliant and convincing dialogue, and presenting realistic details with faithful veracity. Few have shown the necessary command of plan and proportion that distinguishes the born dramatist, trained by serious study and devotion to his art.

As producers women have not yet exerted any marked influence on the American stage, although their executive ability, their sense of detail and character, and their knowledge of costume and color ought to prove valuable assets here. Mrs. Fiske, brilliant as an actress, has often been an intelligent producer of her own plays, but few of the younger women aspire to command in this difficult field.

In the art of acting, too, the special domain of the woman of talent, the achievement this year has been singularly undistinguished. In spite of an inadequate play, Mrs. Fiske, perhaps, leads by her vivid characterization, verging at times on burlesque, of Georges Sand in Mr. Philip Moeller's "Madame Sand." Miss Margaret Anglin proved her devotion to serious artistic ideals in her production of two Greek plays, and Madame Nazimova successfully displayed her unusual but ill-regulated gifts in Ibsen plays. Miss Grace George, who in her season of repertory last year displayed courage, intelligence, and a balanced judgment, this year failed to secure plays that interested the public. Miss Ethel Barrymore, too, began bravely by announcing a season of repertory, but, after producing a sensational modern version of Dumas's "The Lady of the Camellias," she dissipated her talents in a polite melodrama, "The Off Chance," by Mr. R. C. Carton, and in an inconsequential trifle, "Belinda," by Mr. A. A. Milne. So Miss Barrymore continues to be the hope and the disappointment of the American stage. Gifted with youth, beauty, charm, intelligence, with inherited stage traditions and long training, she wastes her potential powers. Her Nora in "A Doll's House" with all its crudities, her Zoe Blundell in "Mid-Channel," showed what she can do when she has the opportunity; but a great actress cannot develop if her plays are shallow and trivial. Miss Laurette Taylor, too, limits her growth by confining her repertory to plays written by her husband, Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Natural charm, Irish wistfulness and humor, a voice vibrant with feeling, and a gift of character drawing, especially in the field of comedy, are endowments that have counted in Miss Taylor's past success. What one misses is a sense of intellectual distinction and patient, devoted study of the instruments of her art.

In considering the accomplishment of the present generation of American actresses, the outlook is discouraging. Beauty, youth, charm, talent, a facile versatility, may serve for a few years, but mastery cannot be attained without sustained ideals, steady devotion, serious study, and that deeper knowledge derived from experience of life as well as of art. The fatal tendency to superficiality that characterizes the American student in all the arts is growing on the stage as the glamour of personality and the claims of social popularity increase. One is sometimes tempted to wish, for the sake of our stage, that the days when actors were rated with vagabonds might return. It would be less agreeable for them, but it might be better for the theatre.

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Shortage of ocean transportation was one obvious cause. Figures for April are not yet available; but in March the tonnage entered and cleared at American ports in foreign trade was 2,590,589, as against 3,078,902 for that month in 1917, a decrease of 488,315 tons, or 15 per cent. Even in February, the decrease was only 440,700 tons. The explanation is simple enough, however; for available tonnage withdrawn to transport our troops to Europe was vastly greater in April than in the preceding December or in April a year ago.

In March a $23,000,000 decrease in exports from the year before was made up, so far as values went, from partly finished or wholly finished manufactures; which, between them, accounted for no less than $123,000,000 decrease. This undoubtedly meant smaller shipments of war munitions to Europe, and the April figures undoubtedly admit of the same explanation.

By next autumn three things will probably have happened. Our mills and munitions factories will be speeded up to an unprecedented output. One of the largest wheat crops on record will be rushing to the export market. Our launchings of new merchant ships will far surpass the destruction by submarines. As a result of all three influences, we ought then to see some very different reports of monthly export trade from the United States.

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